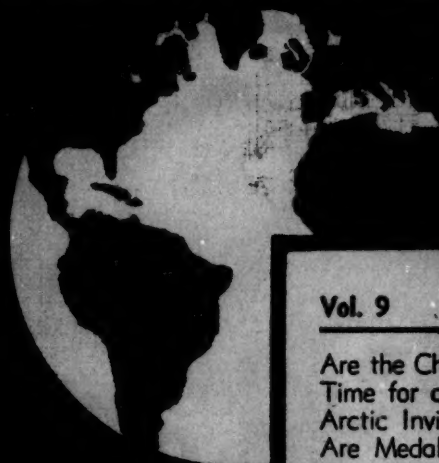


Catholic Digest



Vol. 9

FEBRUARY, 1945

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Let us amend for the better in those things in which we have sinned through ignorance: lest suddenly overtaken by the day of death, we seek space for penance, and are not able to find it. Hear, O Lord, and have mercy, for we have sinned against Thee. Help us, O God our Saviour; and for the honor of Thy Name, O Lord, deliver us. Hear, O Lord, and have mercy, for we have sinned against Thee.

From Matins of the First Sunday of Lent.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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Are the Chaplains Doing a Job?

By DAVID G. WITTELS

Seeing them through

Condensed from the *Saturday Evening Post**

In my opinion most of the men in the fighting forces seldom think about religion. The theory that somehow there has been a tremendous upsurge of religious interest among them is simply the bunk, and has been labeled as such by realistic clergymen. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, president of the International Society of Christian Endeavor, reported that it wasn't so, after a trip to the fronts; and an unnamed Jesuit chaplain was quoted recently in *Time* magazine as writing: "Personally, I think that is a lot of tripe." After a trip around the world as a war correspondent, I must make the same report. However, the War Department points to a striking church attendance and other manifestations of interest as a matter of record.

A man adrift in a life raft or huddled in a foxhole with all hell bursting loose is likely to pray. But he is also likely to curse, and even the prayers

born out of fear do not always mean he has become a true believer or that his faith will survive his terror. Experienced, frank chaplains call these manifestations "life-raft religion," or "fox-hole religion," and do not delude themselves about them.

Some progress, however, is being made. There is a golden opportunity in the armed forces today for the men of God to spread faith and religious feeling, and there are signs that some chaplains are making headway. The opportunity stems from two factors. One is that there are nearly 10,000 chaplains with our servicemen today, so that every man who wants religious services and spiritual guidance can get them, even in the foxholes of the battle front, and sometimes more readily than in civilian life. The chaplains live with the men, eat and sleep with them, and share the dangers and agonies of battle with them. This makes the men

*Condensed and reprinted by special permission of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Copyright 1944 by the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Dec. 16, 1944.

know them better and helps break down inhibitions and other barriers.

The other factor is that, though I must report that I have seen fighting men scorn chaplains and even treat them harshly, there can be sensed in most of our men a deep, true hunger for something they can believe, something they can cling to. This hunger is mostly incoherent and very often hidden, but when a chaplain whom the men like and respect touches the right chord, it becomes obvious. And when this hunger is satisfied by a chaplain who can talk straight, in the language of the men, a believer is born.

What manner of chaplain can do this with combat troops, trained to kill and keyed to killing pitch? The chaplain's denomination has nothing to do with it, though, naturally, a chaplain will have most success with men born in his faith. Courage is an important attribute, but almost all chaplains seem to have that, and many have displayed it to the extreme.

Thirty of our chaplains have been killed in action in this war, 36 have been wounded, 38 captured, and 117 have received a total of about 135 decorations, including the Distinguished Service Cross. They have hung up this record of heroism though they go unarmed, except for the Cross or the two Tables of the Law and Star of David, and their faith.

The casualties and decorations usually result from acts of mercy. There was, for instance, that of Chaplain Hoke S. Bell, of Halcyon Dale, Ga. So thin and fragile-looking that at first

both his Church and the Army were dubious about permitting him to become a combat chaplain, he nevertheless wound up on the battlefield in Africa with an infantry regiment.

One day, after a clash with the enemy, American wounded remained in a nazi mine field. The commanding officer knew the area was thickly sown with antipersonnel mines, and from past experience with nazi tricks he suspected there were booby traps attached even to bodies and wounded. He considered it so dangerous that he would not order any of his men to go in there. Instead, he called for volunteers.

Chaplain Bell was the first. He insisted on going ahead and reaching every body and every wounded man first. The commander was right. A booby trap exploded and Chaplain Bell was killed. But he had cleared the way for rescue of the wounded, and for this he was awarded the Soldier's Medal.

There is the example of Chaplain Albert John Hoffman, who won the Silver Star, Purple Heart, and finally the Distinguished Service Cross, while serving in Tunisia, Sicily and Italy.* His first citation came in Tunisia. A wounded soldier was caught between the lines and was moaning for help. Medical corpsmen tried repeatedly to reach him, only to be pinned down by machine-gun fire. Chaplain Hoffman saw the situation. He got up, walked through the hail of bullets and carried back the wounded man.

He won the DSC in Italy. An assault company of his division was caught in

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Nov., 1944, p. 67.

a heavy barrage during an attack up a mountainside, and was suffering heavy casualties. It could neither advance nor retreat. Chaplain Hoffman went right into the thick of the fire, giving first aid to the wounded and administering last rites to the dying. Shell fragments tore his face open, but he kept going for three more hours. He did not give up until, as he was trying to move a body, a nazi booby trap blew off his left leg. He now is in a hospital in the U. S., recovering.

Perhaps the outstanding example of heroism and selflessness by chaplains in this war came aboard an American ship that was torpedoed a few months ago. There were four chaplains aboard, on their way to posts in war zones. Two, Clark V. Poling and George L. Fox, were Protestants; one, John B. Washington, was a Catholic; and one, Alexander D. Goode, a Jew. It soon was obvious the ship was doomed. In the excitement following the dreaded "Abandon ship!" order, some men were without life preservers. The four men of God took off their own preservers and forced them upon four seamen. Then, clasping each other's hands, praying in their respective fashions to God, they went down with the ship.

Still, in the face of these and many other examples of valor by chaplains, in some instances chaplains have to struggle for acceptance by their men. War is not all action and heroism in danger. Even in the long, dull periods in between, and among the millions of servicemen who never see action,

the chaplain does not always get the respect tradition prescribes for a man of the cloth. Some of the line officers in the Navy and some few officers in the Army are against them from the start, and sometimes are outspoken in telling them so. The effectiveness of a chaplain is far more closely related to his personality and ability to win the affection of his men than to the *per se* fact that he is an ordained man of God.

On the whole, servicemen demand more of a chaplain than that he be a preacher. If he is only a preacher, or is a sissy, or if they suspect him of being a hypocrite, or if he nags them about petty things, they will barely tolerate him; and sometimes they will be downright vicious toward him. But if he can prove to them that he is a man, as in a vast majority of instances, and show them by example that there is no inconsistency between living cleanly, worshiping God, and manliness he can do perhaps the most valuable work being done today toward preserving our civilization.

Those are broad statements, but I saw them worked out while overseas. There are relatively few misfits. Probably the best illustration, because it furnished both high lights and contrasts, came aboard a troopship carrying 6,000 men, mostly paratroopers, rangers, and air-borne combat engineers, on a long haul to the Pacific fighting zone. Combat troops are trained to kill. This does something to their insides. Among other things, it puts them in no mood for cant, the slighter amenities of polite society, nor what

seem to them pointless sermons. They are too close to the stark reality of life and death through brutal fights for survival. It will be a problem readjusting them to tame civilization, and that is a job which seems mostly up to the chaplains. Such were the men whom the five chaplains aboard this troopship had to deal with.

Three of the chaplains went about their business, holding divine services, counseling when needed; and in these roles they were accepted by most of the men and deeply respected by the comparatively few devout on board. They fulfilled a real need and served a worthy purpose. It was the two other chaplains who furnished the study in sharp contrasts.

One should never have been allowed near fighting men; he was out of his depth. First he antagonized the men by breaking up their card games with exhortations about sin. The officers bluntly told him to go to hell and stayed away from his services in a body. The enlisted men, too, stayed away from his services. When the resultant unrest reached the ears of the commander of the troops, a realist who preferred to have no official knowledge of gambling, he "unofficially" told his chaplain to "mind your own business."

A little later, this chaplain tried to stop a dance planned mostly for the morale of the score of Red Cross girls and half dozen fledgling nurses aboard. When the commander got through telling him what he thought of him, he sulked in his cabin. I've often won-

dered since how long he lasted in the field. His own fellow officers, the combat officers, that is, made his life miserable. They deliberately hazed him.

The contrast between him and the other young chaplain is all the sharper because both were of the same denomination. This other young chaplain was a wiry man of about 30, with an eager face and friendly eyes and a ready smile. I never, except for formal introductions, heard him called anything but "Chaplain Bob" or "Hiya, Padre." Men in the services often call even a Protestant chaplain "Padre" or "Hiya, parson."

His popularity began the day a couple of the cruder, harsher ones tried hazing him. They backed him into a corner and began telling him a raw, blasphemous story, studded with filthy words. It seemed to have no point, except that of embarrassing a preacher. Chaplain Bob didn't blink an eye nor attempt to get away. After a few seconds, he merely asked quietly, "Are you getting a kick out of this, fella? If you are, go right ahead. But I've heard all the words before, and seen them scratched on outhouses by little boys."

The story ended right there, and so did all attempts at hazing him.

I met several overseas who, though of varying faiths, were in a sense of the same breed. There was a Catholic chaplain whom I met first in the jungle in New Guinea, then met again in Tasmania, and with whom I traveled to India, who comes particularly to mind. He had red hair, an Irish face and a most friendly grin.

One day on deck a loud-mouth near by began blaspheming violently. Whether he was aware that Tom was a chaplain is not clear. But the situation was awkward. Tom was new to the ship and unknown to most of the men. All he did was call out mildly, "Hey, fella, you can't talk about my Boss that way." And he pointed to the cross on his collar. That stopped that, and won the admiration of the men at the same time. That was because he threw neither his rank nor his chaplaincy at them. He merely stood up for his rights and his faith.

The work of chaplains in this war is not confined, even by definition, to holding formal services and praying with the men at set hours at designated places. Like a mother, a chaplain's work is never done. They have a stock phrase in the Navy, "Don't tell me your troubles; tell them to the chaplain." He is the counselor and clearing-house for all manner of personal, family and service problems. When a man is worried about sickness or other trouble at home, he appeals to the chaplain. When a man gets tangled up with a girl, he carries his story and his problem to the chaplain. When he is worried that his sweetheart or his wife is untrue, he confides in the chaplain. And when he is scared, he often hunts up the chaplain.

Though neither Army nor Navy regulations impose those duties on him, the chaplain is often in emergencies also the librarian, recreation officer, athletic officer. He wangles extra candy, cigarettes, soap, writing paper,

magazines, and even furloughs, when warranted, for his men. If his faith and personal feelings permit, he may even wangle beer for their parties.

All death notices from home clear through the chaplain, it being his duty to break the news gently. He visits the sick and wounded, consoles the bereaved, tries to put new heart into the tired, buries the dead and registers their graves. One chaplain wrote, after a bloody landing in the South Pacific: "I have today buried 200 men I had come to love, I am sick at heart, but I must not stop. There are the others, the living, who still need me. My next call is the field hospital, to the maimed and the wounded, who also are men I have lived with and come to love as my brothers."

Prejudice and intolerance are frowned on by both Major Gen. William R. Arnold, Chief of Chaplains for the Army, and Capt. Robert DuBois Workman, director of the Chaplains' Division of the Navy, which also includes the Marines and Coast Guard.

Both chiefs, incidentally, insist on being referred to as *Chaplain* rather than by their military titles, and that all chaplains be referred to as such instead of by rank. In both the Army and Navy it is made clear to embryo chaplains that while they remain representatives of their respective denominations and are not expected to compromise the basic tenets of their faiths, they are also in the broadest sense "men of God" to all men of all faiths in their charge. All chaplains learn at least the rudiments of the other major

faiths. A method has even been worked out, by mutual agreement, whereby a chaplain of any faith can assist a man of any other faith, if no other chaplain is available. In the case of a dying Catholic boy, for instance, another chaplain would say, "I am a chaplain, though not of your faith. However, I am a friend of Father So-and-So, and he taught me what to do, if he or no other Catholic chaplain were available."

He would then have the boy say a simple act of contrition. There are similar patterns for other combinations.

A Navy chaplain told me his greatest reward was to see the men, in the midst of battle, cast glances up where

they expected the chaplain to be. "Their faces might be grim with the strain of battle, but when they saw the chaplain at his station, they would smile, and sometimes wave a hand."

And I saw tears of joy in the eyes of an Army chaplain over the greeting he got when he joined a company about to get into landing craft for an assault on a Jap-held island off New Guinea. They were strained and more than a bit scared. "Gee, chaplain," one blurted, "we've been sweating you out for hours. We were afraid maybe you weren't coming to see us off."

"See you off?" cried the chaplain. "Heck, I'm coming with you." And he clambered into the craft.

Whom He's Against

I am against every employer who is willing to transact business with his customers and his stockholders but refuses to do business with his men.

I believe in doing business with employes, and up to the present time the regularly organized unions have furnished the only real channel for transacting business. The company union is a colossal flop, a spoon-fed artificial farce.

I believe the antiunion employer who seeks to prevent the organization of unions by various pretenses and camouflages is fooling nobody but himself.

I am against the employer who accuses his employes of being communists every time they ask for a raise in wages.

I condemn the employer who hires professional detectives to pose as workmen in the plant and report their discoveries to the front office.

I'm against industrial villages where the factory runs everybody's private business and makes the inhabitants feel like a group of goldfish.

I believe there should be a general purge of all cheap, belly-crawling foremen and stooges who are so anxious to please the boss that they forget ordinary standards of honesty and decency toward workers.

C. E. Jackson, an employer, in *Work* (Nov. '44).

Time for an Annual Wage

By BISHOP BERNARD J. SHEIL

Plea for common sense

Condensed from an address*

As a recognized and permanent force in American life, labor unions have a unique opportunity and obligation in the peace to come. The union can strike the most telling blows against a potent source of unrest and rebellion in the American nation: discrimination against Negroes. By admitting Negroes to equal membership, the unions can destroy economic injustice and beat down ill will and stupid opposition.

Similarly, labor unions can help to eradicate anti-Semitism, a cancer which gnaws at the very vitals of American life; which if allowed to continue would shrivel America's heart and retard realization of the American ideal. American democracy will never come to full flower until discrimination against Negroes and Jews and all minority groups is erased from our national and personal lives, for of such groups is made the greatness of America. Any discrimination tears into shreds the solidarity of the human race and mocks the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Christ. We have asked the Negro and Jew to fight and die for democracy; it would be the basest cynicism to refuse to share with them that democracy.

Another answer labor can give to the persistent questioning of the common man is the guaranteed annual wage. And from every standpoint this

seems to me a fundamental requirement for full employment, economic stability, peace, and finally, dignified human living.

Labor's demand for revision of the Little Steel formula is both just and imperative. Surely, all America knows the extraordinary record of war production made by the organized-labor movement. It is a record which has amazed the world. This production was not the sole contribution of labor to the war effort. With it came a patience and a devotion to democracy expressed in its no-strike pledge and its willingness to accept financial sacrifices to maintain an economy at war. The time is here, now, when labor cannot be asked to continue carrying an unfair part of the effort. The Little Steel formula must be revised.

Pius XI said, "The wage paid to the workingman must be sufficient for the support of himself and his family. Every effort must therefore be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs. If in the present state of society this is not always feasible, social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay which will guarantee every adult workingman just such a wage. Finally, the wage scale must be regulated with a view to the economic welfare of the whole people.

*Delivered at CIO convention in Chicago, Nov. 20, 1944, as published in *Work*, 3 E. Chicago Ave., Chicago, 4, Ill. December, 1944.

I believe that the guaranteed annual wage for the workingman is just, socially necessary, economically feasible, a democratic imperative.

And in response to the yearning of the common man for his rightful participation in the institutions he helps to create, labor can and must do still another thing. It must work to bring about the day when labor and industry will sit down at the same conference table and together work out their common problems. In other words, collective bargaining must be extended to union-management cooperation.

The union then becomes much more than an agency to settle grievances; it becomes the workers' means of participating in management. Labor and industry, freely and responsibly working together, will mutually benefit. I think this union-management cooperation was what Pius XI meant when he wrote, "Unless the various forms of human endeavor, dependent one upon the other, are united in mutual harmony and mutual support; unless, above all, brains, capital and labor combine together for common effort, man's toil cannot produce due fruit."

And again, the Catholic Bishops of America have declared: "A contract between employers and employees would serve the purpose of individual and social welfare more effectively if it were modified by some form of partnership which would permit a share in the ownership and profits of business and also some voice in its management." Union-management cooperation is a very Christian and human

development in industrial democracy and industrial peace.

If the common people of the world are again frustrated in the attempt to break through the barriers of discrimination erected by selfishness and cynicism; if victory means a return to the social injustices, political peonage and hopelessness of the past, then the victory shall be hollow; the peace but a prelude to future carnage; and this war shall be recorded as the supreme example of futile tragedy.

In human affairs there is a time for silence and a time for speech. There is a time for thought and a time for action. Inevitably, there comes a time for decision, for courage and for greatness. Such a time is upon American labor now, for it has come of age. Now it must face its destiny as an organized and articulate group dedicated to the cause of human freedom everywhere. American labor stands as a symbol to all peoples. Its struggles and accomplishments have been a breath of hope to the oppressed everywhere.

In the shaping of the future, American labor must play a decisive part. The coming peace offers either a return to the discredited past or a bold step into the future. This is an exhilarating challenge, not to labor alone, but to industry and government, to embark upon the construction of a world of human beings, where fear and wretchedness will no longer exist; where oppression and exploitation of man by man will be abolished; where everyone will share a common heritage and live a truly Christian life.

Arctic Invitation

By PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J.

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions**

Temperature is relative

I would like to invite you to spend a day with me in the Arctic. This invitation is no longer fantastic. Planes wing their way up here almost daily. Jump into an Army transport at Minneapolis. It will land you in Fairbanks, with only one or two stops, in about 10 hours. From Fairbanks to Kotzebue grab some commercial plane and you will be with me in something like eight hours. Of course once you go beyond Fairbanks you are at the mercy of the elements. You will need all the fur accessories that belong to the Arctic. Outside shoes, no matter how warm, must be discarded for mukluks or moose moccasins. An Army major shod in regulation galoshes landed here with frozen feet.

The trip over Canada is routine; the plane has been in constant ground communication; there are good emergency fields everywhere. You fly high and comfortable. At Fairbanks you are amazed to find a city modern to the smallest details, where even though the weather be 30° or 40° below, heated and luxurious taxis pick you up at the airport and whisk you to a fine hotel. The city itself is ablaze with light and has everything from a daily paper to an air-conditioned theater. Expenses are high, but luxury in the Far North cannot be otherwise than costly.

From now on you are on your own.

Commercial planes are efficient but cold. The pilots, though, are the best in the world. The Army has come to respect our Arctic flyers, and with reason. Most of them are big fellows, thoroughly familiar with the freaks of weather and the country, generally dressed in a grease-streaked sealskin jacket and pants, not much to look at, but warm just the same. Big, roomy mukluks will cover their feet. When you come to the plane you will find them carrying out their oil, which has been previously warmed in the hangar. A mechanic will be heating up the engine with a warming pot, hidden under the folds of a long canvas. The frost on the wings will be unceremoniously whipped off with a rope.

It is early morning, still dark. You are timorous—no telling where you will land once the plane lifts from the ground. Bad weather may cause the pilot to go 300 miles out of his way, and then he will stop at some village indefinite miles from nowhere. Still, the pilot has carefully tabulated the weather all over the Arctic. He knows just what he is doing. You will reach your destination sometime, somehow. Time means nothing. A two-week lay-over in some tiny Arctic village is not unusual in stormy weather.

You look around for other passengers. But there are none. The plane,

*962 Madison Ave., New York City, 21. December, 1944.

though, is loaded with all kinds of packages, all emergency stuff, medicine for some sick Eskimo, or a spark plug for some distant CAA station. All available space is taken. You can hardly wedge yourself in beside the pilot. He gives you a good-natured grin. The engine whirls to life. The frost on the windows is brushed off by the impact of the wind from the propeller. The pilot suddenly lifts up the tail of the plane and jars the skis loose from the snow, and before you know it you are skimming over the smooth snow of the runway. You slip into the cool air and push up into the skies. Off to the left high mountains arise; Mt. McKinley, highest peak in North America, glistens in the morning sun, and Fairbanks is left behind.

To rise gradually from the gloom of earth and meet the rising sun as it unfolds its splendors behind steep mountain ranges is a sight whose beauty will linger long after the trip. You notice that the pilot for the most part follows the path of rivers, skirting the mountains, and is seldom beyond landing distance on the Tanana, Yukon, or Koyukuk rivers. Arctic pilots are cagey. They have been forced down too often to take unnecessary chances in isolated mountain recesses.

Beyond the broad frozen ribbon of the Yukon there is a distinct change in the air. Mountains rise higher, the plane gets jumpy, and off towards the west a huge fog bank appears. It is the steam from the still open waters of the Arctic ocean. Far in the interior of Alaska, there is no sign of villages nor

any human habitation below. The sun is no longer seen. Yet, the pilot nonchalantly pushes on.

Finally, a tall mountain ridge is crossed with the plane jumping at crazy angles. The pilot opens his window to get a better view. As he turns, you see a lake below. Down you go until the plane bounces to a landing, and staggers to a halt. The pilot grins again. A dog team shoots through the bushes. Two sturdy Eskimos jump off and grab your sleeping bag and grip, and with no more ado, you climb on the sled, the Arctic taxi. What a contrast between a roaring motor in the skies and these soft-footed dashing malemutes, yet how comforting! In the twinkling of an eye you are brought up to a snug little trader's dwelling, ten miles from the nearest village.

Your host, a gray-haired man, has his room furnished with three radios, which keep him well informed and up to the minute on the progress of the war. You sit down to a steaming reindeer stew. The pilot and trader knew that the plane was coming, also that Kotzebue was shut off by a bank of fog. Radio had done it all. You inquire about the temperature. "Only 45° below" is spoken as if it were the ordinary thing.

Sleep comes without effort and you dream of endless mountain vistas covered with everlasting snow. The smell of bacon and eggs awakens you in the morning but the pilot has long since been up and has warmed up and serviced his plane. He has his motor idling when you round the bend in the dog

sled. Up you are again with all the casualness in the world. The plane takes a good beating as it is flung back and forth by variable air currents rushing out from innumerable mountain passes. At last you leave the mountains and cross Kobuk lake. Dog-team trails are now discernible. The pilot points to a black streak in the distance. It is Kotzebue, the geographical center of seven villages and the hub of the Arctic.

As you step from the plane you are surprised at the number of persons who have popped up from nowhere to check on the new arrival. In less than an hour every soul of our 400 will know who you are, what your business is, and how long you are going to stay. You may be a little dazed by the exuberant welcome. Well, remember it is sometimes years before I see a friend from the States.

You are amazed at the coziness of

my little igloo (really it is more than that). Your amazement increases when I usher you into my little church. An altar loaded down with flowers hides a little shabbiness here and there. But wait! At Mass the church is crowded to the brim. Even shy Quakers have come and stand curiously in the rear. You hear the Latin prayers spoken loudly and distinctly by almost half of the congregation. An Eskimo organist plays the Mass of St. Basil while every man and woman and child takes part in the singing. This is the only Mass celebrated in the entire Alaskan Arctic, but it is celebrated as it should be, with priest and people joining in words, song, and act. Your one and only conclusion is that the Mass really means something to the Eskimo. You are right; the Arctic loses its gloom and its chill in the warm glow of Christ's coming no matter how cold the day.

Sports Reporting

A group of priests went for their annual retreat to the Trappist monastery in Gethsemane, Kentucky. Hardly had arrangements been made when they realized that the retreat coincided with the world series. That particular year it was a subway series between the Giants and the Yanks. So the retreatants approached the Abbot, who turned out to be a very human fellow. He promised that a lay Brother would make a phone call and learn the outcome of the series. On the last evening after a long interval of suspense the lay Brother appeared. "Who won?" demanded the eager priests. "The Yanks or the Giants?" The Brother bowed and said, in a low, unexcited voice, "The winner of the series is the New York team."

From the column *Along the Way* (NCWC) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (9 Dec. '44).

Are Medals Superstitious?

By J. R. GILLIS, O.P.

Condensed from the *Dominican Bulletin**

The place for trust

Our Constitution guarantees to citizens the free exercise of religion. On the other hand, it has laws against practitioners of superstition, soothsayers, fortunetellers, clairvoyants, and astrologers. But such people have a quaint way of dodging the power of the law by crawling under the cloak of religion when they are forced to tell it to the judge.

If all practitioners of the various arts which we might lump together as superstition were to land behind bars tomorrow morning, there would be a minor revolution in our land. A few million citizens, mostly women, would protest against an attack upon their freedom to consort with, and incidentally support, those marvelous people. It is estimated that four out of every ten citizens have a secret suspicion that there is something in such arts.

Why should people confuse religion and superstition? Religion is a virtue and eminently reasonable; superstition is a vice, highly irrational. Of course, such an answer would cause many an eyebrow to rise, since in the popular mind religion is something divorced from reason. Yet religion is most reasonable. It is virtue which invites and directs a man to look over and pay his bills. Not ordinary bills, for some of them man owed when he was born; all of them he will continue to owe

when he dies. The creditor is God Himself.

Man pays this bill by acts of religion, through which he manifests his complete subjection to and his dependence upon God and reverence for Him. He manifests recognition of his debt to God by a reasonable service, through devotion, prayer, sacrifice, adoration, and oblation. And in recognizing his debt to God and paying it in his own coin, man loses nothing, but actually gains, while God gains nothing.

It is true that man gives glory to God by religion, but God is in no sense rendered happier or better for receiving it. Man emerges the gainer out of this very reasonable transaction, because his own perfection consists in being true to his nature, and he is by nature a creature of God. So in demanding that man pay his debt in the coin of religion, God is not seeking something for Himself but something for man. It is to insure man's freedom to pay this debt that our Constitution guarantees the free exercise of religion.

Religion is one thing of which man cannot get too much, for the simple reason that he can never get enough. We cannot pay too much honor to God, but we can give divine honor to somebody else. We can seek knowledge or help, which God alone can give, from someone else. We can offer

*Fenwick High School, 525 Washington Blvd., Oak Park, Ill. March, 1944.

honor to God in a way that will not find favor with Him.

Superstitions sometimes fraudulently appear in the garments of religion. Religion is based on knowledge and faith, superstition on ignorance. Religion is reasonable, superstition unreasonable. Religion is distinctly human, making a man more a man; superstition is distinctly inhuman and degrading. Religion is a virtue approved and protected by law; superstition a vice prohibited by law, both divine and human.

In this age of enlightenment it seems reasonable to expect that superstition and its practices would be but a memory. But in some strange way science has seemed not so much interested in eliminating the ignorance which spawns superstition as in discrediting the faith upon which religion is built.

There is irony in the fact that the Catholic Church, which fought superstition in the Roman Empire and among the conquering barbarians, should centuries later be called "that old superstition." It is true that the Church allows veneration of images of Christ, the blessed Virgin, and the saints, because she recognizes that they are helpful to man in his practice of religion. Moreover, she knows all the while that such things must be understood if the use of them is not to degenerate into superstition. She has frequently admonished her children that such material aids are but secondary means in the practice of religion, for the virtue is in man's will, and the essence of religion is spiritual. If some of

her children fall into superstitious practices, it is merely proof that there are ignorant Catholics.

The failure of modern religions has prepared the way for the rise of superstition. Appealing to emotion rather than truth, they have lost both their way and their grip upon human hearts. They have left a blank in the modern mind which needs filling. Add to that general ignorance of true religion the universal fear and anxiety caused by war and the sum is superstition.

The figures on the growth of commercialized superstition from a hole-in-the-wall diversion to a flourishing enterprise are astonishing. A conservative estimate finds some 80,000 full-time fortunetellers now operating in the U.S. Their clientele numbers some 5 million modern Americans, and their income is around \$200 million a year. This business flourishes because men, having no trust in God's providence, turn to divination to resolve their fears. They seek to know the future by signs from creatures, even the devil himself.

Divination is popular because it panders to the sophisticated ignorance of the modern mind. It is sinful because it attributes to creatures what belongs to God alone, that is, a knowledge of future things which cannot be known in their causes. So, whether they know it or not, the modern soothsayers are posing as God, even while the devil may be lurking in the shadows of the mystic room. Of course, if the devil has no part in the business, and of this there is never any assurance when the attempt is seriously made, the whole

thing is ever so silly and a waste of time.

There is another growing business which borders on superstition. You see it in the extensive stock of good-luck charms offered for sale in many stores. Then, too, there is the man whose business is the cultivation and sale of four-leaf clovers. Now this, you may say, is certainly not superstitious: no one believes in a good-luck charm. On the contrary, these are things in which people do put their trust, and often with the greatest seriousness. This type of magic or spell from which is supposed to come good fortune, safety, or health is just another brand of superstition called vain observance. It might be termed our nation's weakness.

Catholics must recognize this surrender of man's rationality, this insult to God, this threat to true religion, if only to appreciate better the solid truths of Catholicism, and the firm trust in God's wisdom and care for men which our religion gives. The threat to Catholicism seems somewhat vague. It is, however, not so vague as one may think. It seems that word has gotten around that Catholic medals, particularly Saint Christopher medals, are very potent good-luck charms. On one occasion a store advertised them as such.

Thousands of men are going into battle wearing medals. Undoubtedly some of them have the false impression that they have stolen a Catholic secret, a sort of magical bulletproof vest. And this is due sometimes to misleading statements made by Catholics,

such as, "This will take good care of you," or "Nothing can happen to you while you are wearing this." Ignorance is not a prerogative of those outside the Church. Catholics are expected to understand the use of these sacramentals, and if they give them to non-Catholics, then they should either explain clearly what a sacramental is or not give them at all.

Now a medal becomes a sacramental by the blessing; before that it is just another piece of metal bearing a particular insignia. As a sacramental it is not a foolproof life-insurance policy. Blessed or unblessed, it may deflect a bullet which happens to strike it, just as a metallic button or belt buckle. It has not supernatural powers as a bullet deflector. There have been cases in which a medal has apparently saved a man's life by deflecting a bullet. This is not mere chance, nor is it proof that the medal gives its wearer a charmed existence. God still governs this world by His providence, which extends to the tiniest details, such as this bullet striking this medal hanging from Johnny's neck. The reason the bullet was deflected and Johnny was saved is that God willed that it be so.

As every Catholic should know, the sacramentals have their place in Catholic worship, but a secondary place. Catholicism is not bound up in the wearing of medals. The essential thing for the Catholic is to live in the friendship of God, to stay in the state of sanctifying grace. That is why the Church exists, and that is the reason for the sacraments. Such a Catholic

may or may not wear a medal. If he does, he will know that it is merely a sign of his confidence in the intercessory power of a saint with God Himself. His confidence is placed in God and the friends of God. He carries his religion in his heart, not in his pocket or on his chest.

Moreover, a medal is a kind of challenge, a constant reminder of what God justly demands of those who love Him. It is a challenge to the wearer to make his life conform to his belief. It is no shortcut to the favor of God, but rather it signifies a willingness to perform duties for love of God.

It is rather astonishing that non-Catholics drawn toward the Church should be attracted by the very practices for which the "new religions" named her "the old superstition." That they most often misunderstand the medals they wear almost goes without saying. This approach to religion is

truly characteristic of our modern age. Obviously it is much easier to wear a Catholic medal than to lead a Catholic life.

We were not too perturbed when we thought we could fight and win an easy war, but when we found that impossible, we settled down to the grim business of fighting a tough one and fighting it well. The nation made a play at religion by putting *In God We Trust* on our pennies and then we put our trust in the pennies. Now that we are learning that pennies are untrustworthy perhaps we will begin to trust God.

It may happen, too, that having made even a more definite show of religion by putting on medals, men may learn the truth about medals and the truth about God. When this happens, we shall have taken our first step as a nation up the tough trail that leads to peace.

Flights of Fancy

Her mental altitude.—*F. A. M.*

Magic is stuporstitution.—*Barbara Nix.*

My heart has a stone in its shoe.—*Edna St. Vincent Millay.*

Like a rotten mackerel by moonlight, he shines and stinks.—*John Randolph.*

Even our best refineries can't separate booze from gasoline.—*Joseph J. Quinn.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

A Pontius Pilate shrug.—*Lenora Mattingly Weber.*

Dark-haired rushes bowed ceaselessly to their images in the stream.—*Constance Lavery.*

The two boys were like Seidlitz powders, quiet enough apart—but together!—*Sidney Homer.*

Of people from Boston and New York: Half of them say *hawf*, and the other hawf say *half*.—*Jack Cluett.*

Confession of Faith

By FREDERICK L. O'BRIEN

St. Christopher on the job

The sleek little plane turned over and over as it continued to lose altitude in a mad rush toward the earth. By the altimeter, I could see I was dropping almost 500 feet a second with only a few thousand feet separating me from the ground and the almost certain death that awaited me there. I grasped the stick and pulled with every ounce of strength in my body, while the blood pounded in my ears and my stomach muscles quivered like jelly. Fear stiffened my limbs and drew every last bit of strength from my arms.

"It's no use," I thought. "I can't bring it out. This is it: the end I prepared for every morning, when I received Holy Communion before going up, but still had never really believed would happen to me."

But it was happening, and thoughts raced through my roaring brain, one on another. It was too late to jump, so I uttered a brief prayer through clenched teeth as I steeled myself for a rending impact. The ground was spinning beneath me, closer and closer; wind screaming through the wings and braces, almost drowned out by the roaring in my ears, the pressure forcing me against the seat until my breath came in gasps. Now I wanted to reach the ground and destruction—anything to end that paralyzing suspense which gripped me fiercely until mind and body seemed to separate

from each other, making even the slightest movement impossible.

It has been said that a person reviews his entire past life, including all his sins, in those last few moments before the end, but it seemed that my being would not give up, although my body had. Suddenly I was projected back to my father's lap, where I sat listening to a story which impressed me very greatly, considering that I was only seven at the time. I listened intently as my father told me of a kindly man, who used to carry little children across a roaring torrent, and of the Boy he bore across, in spite of an increasing weight which almost drove the man himself to his knees. Regardless of the weight of his burden and the angry strength of the rushing waters, he delivered his charge upon the farther shore, only to discover that he had been bearing the Christ Child, who blessed him and told him that he would henceforth be known to all as the protector of all who traveled.

After he had finished the story, he gave me a small medal and told me that the picture it bore was that of St. Christopher, the man in the story. He told me that I should remember the story and wear the medal as a prayer to St. Christopher to watch over me.

"Never forget nor hesitate to call upon him when you are in danger," he concluded.

For many years I had worn the

medal unceasingly and I had many occasions to remember that story and my father's final advice.

When 11, I had been saved from drowning by my brother, who had been brought to my aid by an unexplained feeling that I was in danger. When in college, three companions and myself were dragged from a tangled mass of wreckage, which only a moment before had been a shiny new car, speeding along the highway. Not one of the crowd of spectators which gathered along the road after the accident could believe that anyone could have lived in that mess. But St. Christopher had helped us, and aside from a few bruises we suffered no injury. There were many other instances that I saw in those few moments, but these are the clearest in my memory of the nightmare-like reminiscences that sped past my vision.

Suddenly, like a spark, it occurred to me that St. Christopher might again help me, and with a silent prayer I kicked the rudder and wrenched back on the stick in a final hope.

"Oh my God, forgive me! Never again will I give up to despair," I screamed into the wind as the nose came up in response to my pull.

At first the wings threatened to tear loose and the whole ship shuddered under the sudden strain. It hung as though suspended from a string, and then began to climb slowly back toward the clear blue sky above.

I settled back shakily and came in for a landing, having been only a short distance from the field while falling.

It was a good landing, considering that I was shaking from head to toe and to the tips of my fingers. I climbed from the plane and knelt on the ground and thanked God and his servant, St. Christopher, for saving me, that I might yet return to my wife and daughter after the war.

The fellows had rushed over, as soon as the plane rolled to a stop. They gathered around and gazed first at the plane and then at me, and questions flew like bullets.

"How did you manage to pull it out?" one fellow asked.

"I don't see how the wings stood the strain," another added.

"You must have been born under a lucky star; or have you got an Aladdin's lamp?"

"He certainly must have a dozen rabbit feet. That's the only thing I can figure out."

So then I told them all of St. Christopher and how he had guarded me from harm for so many years. I showed them the medal and told them the story that my father had told me so long ago. Probably I didn't tell it so well as my father, but it had its effect because of the proof before them. The thing that amazed me was that Catholic and non-Catholic alike were convinced of the power of the great protector and wanted to know where they could get medals to take into the air with them in the future. I promised to get them for them, as soon as I could get into town.

After they had left, the field-maintenance officer came over to where I

was leaning against the fender of the crash wagon, which had been there in preparation for the worst.

"You," he said, "are a very fortunate man. This wrench, left by some careless mechanic was on the floor of your cockpit. Evidently it jammed your controls. The fact that you didn't give up, even when a crash seemed inevitable, saved your life. That wrench must have jarred loose at the very last moment. Come with me; I want to show you something."

I followed the captain across the field to the hangar. We walked around the ship and he pointed to the left wing.

"Look at that, mister," he said, pointing to a cluster of grass and dirt clinging to the underside of the wing tip.

"The Almighty was watching over you today. You will never have a closer call and live to tell of it."

Until then, I had not understood why the fellows had been so quickly converted to St. Christopher, although I had told them of my faith in him many times before. But I hadn't quite understood this sudden change of opinion and belief until I saw that dirt

and grass clinging there in mute evidence of how close I had been to death. I knew how utterly they had given me up, only to see me snatched from the very jaws of death; seeing that little plane lifted into the sky and to safety, as if by a giant hand. Then I knew why they were so anxious to enlist the aid of St. Christopher.

Some doubters have been heard to say that belief in St. Christopher is superstition, and that the wearing of his medal is like the carrying of any talisman. However, I should like to point out that no talisman nor superstition could have made me rise from my lethargy of despair and guide that plane to safety. It was a strong, burning faith in a power that had never failed that led me to grasp the stick with only a fraction of a second to spare.

Those buddies of mine, who watched the scene with terror in their hearts, will always have trust in the outcome when they invoke the guardian whose medal they cling to in firm belief and gratitude. There is no superstition there, only strong faith in a power they have witnessed and know to be worthy of their intercession.

Book Review

An alert executive in a New York Public Library branch summed up a certain highly publicized novel for a patron: "Not since *Manhattan Island* was sold for \$24 has so much dirt been available for so little money."

The book was, of course, *Manhattan Island*.

From the *Saturday Review of Literature* (16 Dec. '44).

Home Again

By MEYER BERGER

Condensed from the *New York Times**

No other place is like it

Just before 11 o'clock two nights ago, Brother Lawrence, a robed figure bent over a book in the vestibule of the Franciscan monastery in 31st St. east of Seventh Ave., heard the street door open, and felt cold wind rush in. A burly policeman with wind-reddened face, clinging to two battered valises, approached the grille. He let down the bags.

"I've brought someone home for you, Brother," he said. He stepped aside and Brother Lawrence stared at a hatless little man wearing a Roman collar and tattered cassock.

Brother Lawrence knows all the friars at the monastery, but he had never seen this one, nor had he ever seen one so shabbily dressed. The little priest stared at the stained-glass windows, the old woodwork and the shadowed walls. He smiled at Brother Lawrence. He said, "I'm Father Dillon. I just got in from China."

The policeman shook Father Dillon's hand. He said, "Nice to have you home again, Father." He clumped out to return to his Hudson Tube beat. Brother Lawrence, lugging the bags, led Father Dillon into the monastery. A few seconds later the little priest was surrounded.

He is Msgr. Edward S. Dillon, born 47 years ago in Hartford, Conn., who went out to the missions in China 12

years ago and became Prefect Apostolic in the province eight years ago. He had not been in the monastery since 1932.

Father Aloysius Reilly, Father Vianney McGrath, Father Gratian Feltz and several other Franciscans crowded around him and studied his unusual garb. His cassock was frayed at the bottom and at the cuffs and showed a dozen patches. It covered a GI shirt, and dark GI dungarees. He wore GI shoes.

They sat up far into the night as Father Dillon told of his journey of almost 15,000 miles from Shasi in Hupeh province, without funds or wardrobe. He had held out against the Japanese through all the bombing and suffering for four years, protecting his flock.

He had left Shasi (the Sand Market) in September, 1944, with no baggage, deprived even of his Mass kit. A plane had flown him to Chungking, where he picked up the cassock. The GI garb was a gift from Yank soldiers he met along the way. He had hitchhiked to Calcutta.

He got a convoy out of Calcutta, acting as chaplain for the Merchant Marine crew, and had acquired a new Mass kit, but no new clothing. The merchant ship was 53 days on different seas before it glided into New York.

*Times Square, New York City. Dec. 4, 1944.

Father Dillon finished his story. He was assigned a bed for the night and yesterday morning went to a Mass said at the monastery especially for 300 members of the Police Anchor club. After the service they invited him to attend their monthly Communion breakfast in the Governor Clinton hotel, across the street.

Only five feet seven, his dark hair touched with silver, he stood before them in his tattered clothes, and told the story of the last part of his journey home.

He said, "We were anchored a while in front of the Statue of Liberty last night, just before dark. As we started to move in and the lights came on in the skyscrapers, I must confess a lump came into my throat. There are times, you know, when you can be happy and still not laugh. It hit me that way."

Father Dillon told how he stared at the familiar scene as the merchantman moved to Jersey City and how he came down the gangplank with his battered bags. Two newsboys asked him, "Where you goin', Father?" and then helped him carry his bags.

When he came out of the tube station at 33rd St. he looked about him in the sharp wind, a little bewildered. It was 12 years since he had stood in this spot. A policeman came over: "Where do you want to go, Father?"

The policeman lifted the bags. "Fol-

low me," he said, "I'll take you home."

Emotion caught Father Dillon's throat and it started the tears down the faces of men supposed to be hardened. "It is just such little acts of Christian kindness," the priest said, "that tell a man he is home. I saw it in our American lads as they helped old folk and children in suffering China. I saw it in the two little newsboys. I saw it in the policeman, the helping hand held out, the little kindnesses that mean little to you, but are fit to break the heart of someone who has been long away from it."

The dining room was silent. The little priest sat down.

When breakfast was ended, Sgt. John Boyle, head of the Police Anchor club, and Father Bernard Cullen, its chaplain, came to Father Dillon with a fistful of money donated by the Communion-breakfast guests. They took him to Rogers Peet and dressed him in the finest and best they could buy.

Last night he called his mother, Mrs. Mary Dillon, at her home in Hartford. His father, Thomas, died two years ago. Mrs. Dillon, in her 80's, could not make out his voice. She could not grasp that he was her son, home again.

Father Dillon said, "She couldn't seem to understand. She's pretty old now, you know. I'll be going for a rest in a day or two. I'll see her then."

A penny will hide the biggest star in the universe if you hold it close enough to your eye.

Samuel Grafton quoted in the *Catholic Herald Citizen* (6 Jan. '45).

The Padre of Jimtown

Gracias!

By F. L. VICKSTROM

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

Jimtown is a colorful name. Jimtown is a colorful place. You have never heard of Jimtown? It is almost as close to Los Angeles on the east as Hollywood is on the west: a romantic town, like a tiny part of old Mexico, transplanted to the fertile plains by the San Gabriel river; a town settled solely by soft-spoken Mexicans; a town which at first sight takes you right out of this world and at the second puts you more than ever in it.

Would you care to hear how Jimtown got its name? How it was at one time a very bad place? And how it has become, especially since Padre Bernardo arrived, a very good place, indeed? Then, *mi amigo*, let us go on with the story.

First came the padres to enrich California with its treasured missions and to travel a trail which became *El Camino Real*, the King's Highway. Then came Don Pio Pico to build his *ranchito* beside *El Camino Real* near the San Gabriel river. Don Pio Pico was the last Mexican governor and a very great man. And his wife, Dona Pico, was a remarkable woman and very pious. She erected a chapel near by, in which Mexicans could worship God in the manner of their forefathers. But not all were as pious as Dona Pico. And last came a man whose front name was Jim. Jim secured a piece of

land near the chapel and opened a *cantina*, which is so much like a saloon that you would not know the difference.

Jim was remarkable. His *cantina* fared very well. He became a power politically, socially, and financially. And since the locality had no particular name, Jim's large following began calling it Jim's Town. All this the historian of the time very verbosely verifies: "The name was so apt that shortly the letter *s* was dropped; no event, no effort has ever been sufficient to obliterate, annul, tempt, modify or impress the human mind with a cognomen, syllable or compounded multiple thereof with a name that could be woven into, nailed across or plastered over Jimtown."

In the latter part of the past century Jimtown received that name. And its reputation was by no means savory. *El Camino Real* was much traveled. Roving Gypsies and less desirable citizens quickly picked Jimtown as a place to their liking. There was a chapel for the women, a saloon for the men, and the San Gabriel river provided water and fresh forage for horses. Thieves, gamblers, drunkards, ne'er-do-wells of all sorts found sanctuary in the confusion of tents and shacks which made up the notorious town. In early days Jimtown saw more than its share of

*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. December, 1944.

horse thieves, kidnappers, and common criminals. Marihuana and strong drink did not mix with dice and *dinero*, and knives and guns were drawn. People were hurt, and sometimes killed. All very unfortunate for the people concerned and very bad for the reputation of Jimtown.

Time moves on even if one does little but sit in the shade of a pepper tree while a blazing sun drags a reluctant day through a bright blue sky. Jimtown changed with time. Gone were the tents and the Gypsies. Many shacks remained, true, but now, at least, they were painted. Most of the 800 inhabitants were permanent. Law and order had been enforced rigorously at times. There had been some missionary activity, too. A good many babies who lived through infancy were baptized. A fair number of the parents, too, were rightly married before a priest. But Jimtown needed its own padre.

There came the day when Padre Bernardo entered Jimtown for the first time. He knew that from it came the zoot-suit *Pachucos*. He had heard, too, of the recent murder and its multiple consequences—for the victim was the father of 13 orphaned by his untimely death. The police patrol car parked beside the road testified to many unpleasant things. From rough-finished, green-painted cottages on both sides of the street, inscrutable faces peered out as the padre passed. He looked to right and left. The initial impression of his new flock was not too good. But then it was not too good a day. It was

cloudy for one thing, which is not at all like California. And the cool wind seemed to have chased all the bright, clean children inside and to have left only those with dirty faces and scraggly hair. Goats had made their way into the front yards. Cows occupied every grassy vacant lot. Chickens foraged far and wide. Every other yard disgorged an ugly yellow dog.

The padre stopped to speak with a group of small children. He was not amazed that in a Mexican town even the children speak Spanish. But that day he found them shy. They averted their eyes, answered in monosyllables or not at all. They did not warm to the padre. This made him feel very bad, because he loved children. He made his way to the next corner where a group of young men were rolling dice on the porch of an abandoned store. The padre smiled genially, greeted the group warmly. No one smiled, no one spoke. The dicing went on. The padre walked sadly away. As he walked the rutted, dusty lanes which passed for streets, he nodded to the right and to the left, "*Buenas tardes, señor. Buenas tardes, señora.*" Seldom was the salute returned.

Padre Bernardo did not scare nor become discouraged easily. Mentally he made an inventory of Jimtown's liabilities and assets. Poverty was apparent. Homes were small, some unpainted, some little more than shacks. Often two rooms housed six or more. The water system was not perfect. Sometimes the taps gave only a thin trickle. Not all the plumbing was mod-

ern. There was electricity, but no street lights. There were roads, stretches of ruts and holes in the dry season, a sad series of puddles when it rained. What wonders, the padre thought, could be wrought here with paved streets, lighted intersections, and a housing project.

The padre summed up the advantages, too. He found them promising. And so, his zeal fortified by friends in heaven and on earth, he went to work. Day after day he trod the dusty, rutted roads, until his work-stained cassock and broad-brimmed Panama were familiar sights. Before long the smaller children were tagging at his heels, tugging at his long rosary, climbing into his arms. They jabbered in outlandish Spanish of a mother who was sick, of a father who was drunk, of a baby who was dying. They led him into tiny homes to meet a beloved old grandmother, an unfortunate crippled brother, a mother who made delicious *tacos* and *tamales*. The padre needed no advertising. Word went swiftly. He was kind to children, gave them candy, holy cards, told them wonderful stories about our Lord. He was solicitous for their sick, visited the ailing in the homes and hospitals, brought Holy Communion to the old and bedridden. He enjoyed their native dishes, sang their national songs, made himself at home with each and all. The padre was becoming a part of Jimtown.

There was a hall in the center of Jimtown owned by a refined *señora* from Mexico. Would the padre like to use the hall and its small rooms to

gather the children and to teach them the *doctrina*? He would like it very much. The word spread like wildfire: "The padre is going to start a *doctrina*, and will bring the good Sisters to teach religion to the *niños*." How the little ones responded, more and more each week until they filled the rooms to overflowing. There were lessons and prayers and stories of our Lord and His Mother and the saints. And that was good. And sometimes there were games with prizes, and candy, and huge sacks of peanuts. That was fun. And always before they went home the padre would teach them some new song, in Spanish or Latin or English. They learned many songs, and sang them well. The padre was planning for a future day, and he listened carefully to the voices.

The old chapel of Dona Pico had long since been gone from Jimtown. Many people did not marry right, and many did not worship God on Sundays as they should. What would the padre do about that? He had the answer. There was much typing in his room for a day or two. Then there were many meetings with groups of boys and girls. Finally one day there appeared signs in all the conspicuous places, signs which proclaimed in elegant Spanish that Jimtown was to have a Mass every Sunday, beginning with an outdoor Mass and procession on Palm Sunday! The air buzzed with Spanish speculation. Should they go to Mass? Perhaps the padre wondered, but he was too busy to worry. He left the worries to the doubters. For, on

that golden Palm Sunday morning, a great crowd gathered and marveled to see Jimtown boys gravely and correctly serving the priest at the altar and to hear Jimtown children skillfully singing and answering the chants of the priest. Many eyes filled with tears as they looked upon the blessed palms. And Jimtown, like Jerusalem of old, marveled as a long procession with palms wound through its streets.

Easter Sunday found another fine crowd at the padre's outdoor Mass. It is true, a few yellow dogs roamed through the grave-faced, kneeling audience, and once a *muchachita* invaded the invisible lines of the "sanctuary" to wave to her little friends in the congregation. But what is that? The Lord loves all His creatures. The padre did not mind. However, the *señora* from Mexico was generous. She thought holy Mass should have the protection of a roof and walls. She came to the padre once more, and this time she offered her hall as a permanent chapel. How happy the padre was! More work, yes. But what is work when one deals with souls made in the image and likeness of God?

There was much hammering and nailing in the hall, and then much sweeping and cleaning. Like magic appeared an altar and kneeling benches. From somewhere the padre acquired an organ, a lovely statue, and then the grand picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe to hang with crimson drapes above the altar.

The people were pleased. But the padre had further plans. The chapel

was filled on Sunday morning, true, but there must be fuller religious life. Why not evening devotions? Again some thought the padre had done enough. Rome was not built in a day. Perhaps people would not come. Perhaps they would be spoiled by overzealous ministrations. The padre listened gravely. And when he heard all, he went back to work. Willing minds and willing hands assisted. There were more long sessions with altar boys; more hours with a choir; long, patient lessons with a budding organist. There was typing and printing and binding of little books. And then one Sunday evening the unharmonious hammering of a pipe on a brake drum summoned the people to chapel. At each place lay a little book the padre had made. In each were morning prayers, Mass prayers, night prayers and many lovely Latin and Spanish hymns. Jimtown watched incense wafted to the Blessed Sacrament from a golden censer, heard the sweet singing of the *O Salutaris*, responded to the padre as he led in the Rosary and night prayers, and went home thrilled. The padre knew now that all was well, for God was with them.

No longer did the padre walk alone. More and more doors opened to admit him. The gangs at the street corners greeted him and invited him into their games. They had never set foot inside the new chapel. But the padre said nothing. Instead, he brought a ball and bat; he played, too, and well. The boys began to look for him. What a pity, though, that such fine boys who played

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THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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ball so well should not have a real team. But, perhaps, they did not want to stand up against the stiff competition of a league. Not good enough to have a team, not brave enough to play in the league! Was the padre mad? And so the "bad boys" of Jimtown became the Guadalupe ball team. With the padre as coach and manager, with an amazing repertoire of Spanish baseball jargon, they brought color and class to the ball-park crowds, and they came near winning the championship for Our Lady of Guadalupe!

The padre got to know his boys. He took them to the big games. He treated them. They treated him. If a boy boxed or wrestled or appeared in a play, the padre was there to see and to hear. What a pity, though, that such talented boys should not have a club of their

own where they could make plans for the future teams, where they could dance and sing, play the violin and the guitar. And so was born the Club *Guadalupano*. But how could Catholic boys belong to Our Lady of Guadalupe if they would steal and fight and not go to church? No, such a thing would not make sense. Now, if the padre could do so much for the boys, certainly the boys could do a few, little, easy things for him. Could this be the reason why so many new faces are seen in the padre's chapel?

Jimtown streets are still very bad, the houses still seem to tumble down, the people are yet very poor. But with a padre there, Jimtown is very happy. And happiness, *mi amigo*, is a very lovely thing. *Adiós, amigo. Gracias por su atención.*

The late Cardinal Hinsley of Great Britain and the Archbishop of Canterbury attended the same dinner party and later shared a taxicab into town. "It is quite fitting that we take the cab together," smiled the Archbishop. "After all, we both serve God." "Yes, yes," agreed the Cardinal heartily. "You in your way; I in His."

Cardinal Hinsley liked to tell the story of two brothers who studied for the ministry. One was a little too flippant and whimsical to reach the heights; the other, a pompous and heavy-handed party, became a bishop in due course. "My brother," the whimsical one explained, "rose because of his gravity; I was held down by my levity."

Another story always credited to Cardinal Hinsley features a lecturer who told his audience that the world would probably end in 7 billion years. "How long did you say?" came a terrified voice from the rear. "Seven billion years," the lecturer repeated firmly. "Thank God," said the voice. "I thought for a moment you had said 7 million."

The World Needs a Police Force

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine**

Big stick for brigands

In the summer of 1939 we knelt in the Vatican at the feet of the Vicar of Christ to receive his blessing. Anxiety was on his careworn face, as he perceived from his watchtower the clouds of the approaching storm. A few weeks later, just before the thunderbolts were released, he addressed a moving plea to the rulers of Europe, begging them not to plunge again into the miseries of war. "Nothing is gained by war," said the Pontiff, "that cannot better be achieved by peace. In war all may be lost."

A few weeks later in a sidewalk cafe in Paris we read in the *Echo de Paris* the exchange of letters between Daladier and Hitler. Both ended with substantially these words: as an old front-line trencher, I ask you to yield, as the only victors from recourse to arms will be death and destruction. In his appeal to Hitler and Mussolini not to attack other countries, President Roosevelt echoed the same sentiment, declaring a military victory "sterile."

That Sunday morning I said Mass at the main altar of the Church of the Madeleine, where the people were praying for peace. That afternoon in the great pilgrimage Church of the Sacre Coeur on Montmartre, Cardinal Verdier lead a vast assembly in prayers for peace. Their prayers were echoed by some 10,000 gathered outside.

With the rumblings increasing and with the English channel about to be closed, we flew to London. That evening in Westminster cathedral crowds prayed through the night for peace. People remembered the previous war.

They wanted peace. They got war. Why? Because the nazi ruler invaded Poland and set Europe and the world in flames. True. But we ask: how could one man or a group of men set the world in flames? The answer is: because of the complete lack of international machinery that would compel rulers to submit their controversy to a court for a just adjudication and to abide by its decision. A state of anarchy prevailed. There was no world court with mandatory jurisdiction. There was no world sheriff with power to enforce the verdict.

In the 21 years since the World War, we nullified the League of Nations and erected no effective machinery to lubricate the frictions which lead to global war. We had ignored the most obvious lesson of the first World War, that war cannot be averted by words but only by the establishment of an adequate international organization with legislative, judicial, and executive powers.

Why would such an organization be more effective than the League of Nations? Because the league failed to pro-

**St. Benedict, Oregon, December, 1944.*

vide effective sanctions for its decisions, or to adjust growing grievances and inequalities, and was used instead merely to perpetuate the *status quo*, and lastly because America failed to join. By correcting those errors we can remove the frictions that lead to war. The human mind can think of no other way out.

Establishment of such an organization would require modification of the traditional concept of sovereignty. In the past each nation claimed to be supreme judge, jury, and sheriff. It undertook to impose its decision upon other nations at the point of the sword. Absolute sovereignty has spawned the nationalism which issues in such slogans: "Germany above all"; "Brittania rules the waves"; "Our country, right or wrong." That concept with its brood of fanatical and irrational loyalties must go. In a closely interwoven world, where nations are brought side by side through the marvels of modern transport and communication, nations now occupy the place of states in a federal union.

A few illustrations show how reasonable, practical, and essential is an international organization with judicial and executive powers. Suppose the courts in any country, as well as the sheriff and police forces, were abolished. If two citizens had a disagreement and had no court to settle the dispute, they would take to shooting irons, and soon the whole country would be a bedlam of disorder.

What would happen to Chicago or New York if the agencies of law and

order were removed for one month? Even a small community cannot preserve peace and order in the absence of machinery for peace; how can a community of nations with 2 billion citizens preserve them in the complete absence of enforcing agencies? We can summarize a hundred volumes on the theme by saying: as the peace and order of a county demand a county court and a county sheriff, the peace and order of the world demand a world court and a world sheriff.

A milestone in the struggle of mankind for collective security and peace was reached when on Nov. 4, 1943, the U. S. definitely pledged "that the U. S., acting through its constitutional processes," would join with other "free and sovereign nations in the establishment and maintenance of international authority with power to prevent aggression and to preserve the peace of the world."

The Moscow Pact, which commits Great Britain, Russia, China and the U. S. to the same cooperative undertaking, shines as a rainbow in a darkened sky. Long ago Isaias spoke of the day when nations "shall turn their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into sickles; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they be exercised any more to war." From time immemorial man has dreamed of the dawning of the day when he could walk out under the open sky, sing his songs, say his prayers, whisper love's age-old story into the ear of his beloved, rear his children, and enjoy the comforts of family life

without the sword of war hanging forever over his head.

By winning the peace and anchoring it on the solid rock of an international organization representing all the peace-loving nations of the world, we shall go a long way toward freezing man's age-old dream of permanent peace into an abiding reality. All who are striving to achieve that peace are fighting for America no less truly than those in munition factories or on the battle-fronts.

Some may say that there have always been evil men, and that there always will be. Yes, there will be Hitlers, Tojos and Mussolinis. But we will deprive them of the instrument by which they have turned 200 million subjects into automata to execute their crimes.

Evil minds and wicked hearts will always be with us. We can deprive

them, however, of the instrument by which they have written their villainies on the mangled millions, on the smoldering ruins of bombed cities, and in the wreckage of planes falling from the skies. We shall remove firebrands from the hands of the world's incendiaries and dynamite from international brigands. Instead of inflicting their evil upon the world, they will be merely private villains in a hick town with the constable waiting just around the corner.

For, let us say it with all emphasis: worse than Hitler, worse than Tojo, worse than Mussolini, yes, a thousand times worse is the international anarchy which has permitted a single, half-mustached incendiary to set the world in flames. That anarchy is the real criminal that must be driven forever from the face of the earth.

Please Appeal

The most practical step possible towards interracial brotherhood would be for the blessed Mary to do some practical, simple thing. As a dark-skinned Indian girl she had appeared to a poor Indian named Juan Diego in Mexico on Dec. 12, 1531, with most practical results.

She left her life-size image in most beautiful colors of deep rose, brightest gold, and gayest bluish green on his miserable long cloak of thin, coarse sack-ing, such as is used now for potato sacks. And some day she would perhaps appear to some Negro cotton picker in the deep South and leave him some everlasting memento.

She had not appeared to the fair-skinned Spanish conquerors, but to a poor Indian. And she had appeared as an Indian girl, dark of skin. And might she not appear again as a Negro girl?

Something simple and practical, some sign like this, would as ever exalt the humble and confound proud intellectuals and proud race haters alike. Something practical like this would again be the seed of shrines and churches, show forth a race's dignity, change millions of hearts, and glorify God.

Ted Le Berthon in the *Tidings* (6 Dec. '44).

Communism Isn't Gobbling Up the CIO

By BENJAMIN L. MASSE, S.J.

Condensed from *America**

On Oct. 27, *America*, together with the *Liguorian* and the *Commonweal*, was dragged headlong into the election campaign. The occasion was a news story which appeared in the New York *Times* under the headline: "Three Catholic Papers Deny PAC Is Red." Uproar followed.

But worse was still to come. One week later, on the evening of Nov. 2, both Robert Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and Secretary of the Interior Ickes used the *Times* story in nationwide broadcasts to counter the communist issue which Governor Dewey had stressed the night before in Boston. The response was immediate.

Now that the country has returned to normal and minds are free again from political passion, I should like to re-open the question of communism in the PAC and CIO. This seems all the more necessary because the April 8, 1944, issue of *America*, which contained the quoted sentence has been sold out. This article, then, will be an answer to inquirers who have asked whether *America* had been correctly quoted.

Last March the Dies Committee issued a 215-page report on the CIO Political Action Committee. The report accused PAC of being a "subversive communist campaign to subvert

the Congress of the U. S. to its totalitarian program." To substantiate this charge, it alleged that the "political views and philosophy of the communist party and of the CIO Political Action Committee coincide in every detail"; that 18 members of the 49-member CIO executive board slavishly toe the communist-party "line" and 21 CIO unions have "strongly entrenched" communist leadership; that John L. Lewis' statement asserting that Pres. Philip Murray of the CIO "has got to play ball with the communists now, or die" was true; that Sidney Hillman, PAC chairman, "has entered a coalition with communists." The report, finally, condemned what it called "tyrannical taxation" of rank-and-file unionists for political purposes "without representation."

I submitted to the editor of *America* a short article dealing: 1. with the history and purpose of PAC; and 2. with the charge of communism. The sentence which was quoted by the New York *Times*, and which became inadvertently a part of the history of the 1944 campaign, occurred in that article. It was correctly quoted, and reads as follows: "The charge, however, that communists dominate the CIO and the Political Action Committee is false."

With regard to the history of PAC,

*329 W. 108th St., New York City, 25. Nov. 18, 1944.

I noted that the committee had been established on July 7, 1943, at a special meeting of the CIO executive board at Washington. At that time, Pres. Philip Murray named Sidney Hillman chairman; Van A. Bittner, vice-chairman; and R. J. Thomas, secretary. Sherman Dalrymple and Albert Fitzgerald were appointed committee members, and David J. McDonald was designated alternate to Mr. Bittner.

The new committee was born of labor's recognition that "the gains which it wins through economic action can be protected, implemented and extended only if it develops a progressive program of legislation and secures its enactment through effective participation in the political life of the nation." It is worth while to record that the Dies report conceded the right of "organized labor to engage in political campaigns."

At the 6th Constitutional Convention held at Philadelphia the following November, the approximately 600 delegates present unanimously ratified this action of the executive board. They voted down a proposal to establish a third party and decided to follow labor's traditional policy of rewarding its friends and punishing its enemies. But the delegates did not wish this policy to be narrowly interpreted. They wanted PAC to try "to stimulate and rally broad nonlabor groups and help give effective political voice to millions of farmers, consumers, and other progressives in every walk of life."

It was decided, also, that the national activities of PAC would be financed

by the international unions affiliated with the CIO; the local activities by local unions. After describing the several ways in which this money was raised, I wrote: "The financing of the Political Action Committee, like its establishment, has been carried out according to the principles of representative democracy as enshrined in the constitutions of CIO affiliates." Remember, this was before the primaries, before the national conventions, before the establishment of the National Citizens Political Action Committee. To conform with the Smith-Connally Act, the Hatch Act and other legislation, no contributions from union treasuries have been made to NC-PAC. After the primaries, PAC funds were frozen.

In dealing with the communist issue, I gave it as my opinion that the Dies Committee had correctly stated the number of CIO unions dominated by communists and the number of party-line followers on the CIO executive board. Then I stated flatly that despite these facts the charge "that communists dominate the CIO and the Political Action Committee is false." These were my reasons:

1. The very figures used by the Dies Committee show a clear majority of non-communists on the CIO executive board. Those familiar with executive-board meetings know that Phil Murray, in his clashes with the communists, has always emerged an easy winner. The CIO, for instance, never came out for the "second front," which it surely would have done if the communists controlled its policies.

The statement that 21 CIO unions are dominated by communists is true, but gives a misleading picture. Voting in national conventions, and on the executive board, is based on per-capita tax. All those communist-dominated affiliates together possess only a small fraction of the total voting strength of the United Automobile Workers, the United Steelworkers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, three huge unions not dominated by communists.

2. On the six-man board which directs the activities of PAC, there is not a single communist. Five of these men, Hillman, Thomas, Dalrymple, McDonald, and Van Bittner, are known in CIO circles as right-wing supporters of Phil Murray.

3. To label a group communist because its position on some question happens to coincide with the stand of the communist party is an illogical and confusing procedure. All literate adults must know by this time that the communist party "line" is consistent only in its bewildering inconsistency.

4. Since Sidney Hillman's alliance with the leftists in the American Labor party was a complicated story, I did not attempt to explain it. I did point out, however, that it was not "a pattern for the Political Action Committee's program outside New York state."

With that statement the article ended.

The reader may inquire whether I have changed my mind since April 8, either because the circumstances have changed or because I now see I was wrong. The answer to both questions

is No. I did not believe that PAC and the CIO were dominated by the communist party then, and I do not believe they are so dominated now.

With respect to PAC, it is clearer now than it was in April that the communists are not running the show. In May, the PAC adopted a 4,000-word program which, except for one or two recommendations, could be wholeheartedly accepted by anyone who believes in the papal social program. No communist can sincerely follow that program and continue a Marxist. No Marxist could possibly have written it. Like the AFL postwar program, it represents the best progressive thinking in the country today. It was, incidentally, presented to the platform committees of both the Republican and Democratic parties.

Furthermore, most of the PAC regional directors turned out to be good appointments. In only two or three sections of the country was communist influence in the ascendant. At national headquarters in New York City it was as hard to find a communist as it was to find a Deweyite. Mr. Hillman, I am reliably informed, gave strict orders that no communists were to be put on the payroll, and the orders were obeyed.

Then, too, Phil Murray publicly gave the lie to the charge that PAC was a communist brain child. He said the idea originated with himself.

There is even good ground for believing that if there has been any dominating in the American Labor party, it has been done by Mr. Hillman and not

by the communists. It should be better known than it is that many CIO leaders bitterly opposed Mr. Hillman's policy of identifying PAC in New York with the American Labor party and, had the plan been known earlier, might have succeeded in stopping it. This opposition was based on principle, and was shared by David Dubinsky and other right-wing ALP leaders, who do not believe it is possible to cooperate with the acrobats in Red tights. It still remains a mystery, even to those who know all the facts, why Mr. Hillman decided to work with the left wingers. It is the writer's guess that the president of the right-wing Amalgamated Clothing Workers, which is not affiliated with the communist-dominated New York City CIO Industrial Council, would be willing to admit, privately, that he made a very, very bad mistake. However, it must be noted that the deal was made with ALP's left wing, not with Earl Browder, whom Mr. Hillman has never even met.

As for the CIO itself, I still affirm it is not dominated by the communists. The communists neither control the national office nor make national policy. This does not mean that their influence is negligible and can be disregarded. They are a menace to the CIO

and to all organized labor, as the election campaign amply demonstrated, and no one who wishes the CIO well can ever be free from fear until communists have been driven from the leadership of the unions they now control, and from other responsible offices.

National CIO leaders bitterly resent charges that their great organization is communist and that they are the prisoners of Stalin's American stooges. Knowing these men, I can well understand their indignation. On the other hand, they do not realize, perhaps, how difficult it is for outsiders to understand some things about the CIO.

Admittedly the situation is difficult. Admittedly many of the CIO's vociferous critics do not realize that it is one thing to condemn communists and another thing to get rid of them by democratic, constitutional means. Nevertheless, right-wing CIO leaders might well ask themselves whether they are using every legitimate means to oust communists from positions of leadership and responsibility.

It is very necessary that we form a definitive opinion of the CIO, and that this opinion be based on facts. The welfare of 5 million American workmen must not be jeopardized, as it was during the election campaign, for want of honest, objective discussion.

Marriage, according to census-bureau statistics, is the best insurance in the world against crime, insanity, poverty, and premature death. Single persons lead by a large percentage in all of those misfortunes.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (16 Dec. '44).

Communism Is Gobbling Up the CIO

By WILLIAM J. SMITH, S.J.

Condensed from *Crown Heights Comment**

All Catholics must stand united on one point: communism is evil, a ghastly evil, a world menace. The light of the Vatican spots that truth for us. Communism is no less an evil because there are abuses in the system of capitalism. It was an evil before we made a military alliance with Russia and it still is. It was an evil before the CIO invited the Reds to join the elect; it has lost none of its viciousness because some of the top leaders of CIO happen to be Catholic. It was an evil before the CIO decided to go in for political action. The events of the recent campaign have not purified communism one whit.

The presence of communists in high places in the CIO, the assumed disappearance from the scene of politically active communists, the threats of Earl Browder in a political harangue, the Republican exploitation of the subject as an overshadowing issue in some places, all caused attention to focus sharply, though at times confusedly, on the irritating question. Publication by the New York *Times* of quotations from three Catholic sources and the subsequent use of the material over a national hookup by the Democratic party heightened the controversial aspects of the conflict.

Father Benjamin L. Masse, S.J., still my good and genial friend, though

still at variance with me on the subject of CIO-communism, quietly attempts to pour oil on the troubled waters by an amplified explanation in the Nov. 18 issue of *America*. Contrary to the laws of physical nature, I think the oil will ignite with the water and cause a new explosion just as communism and Americanism must when they meet. Father Masse "PACed" (excuse the pun) an awful lot into that article. It will be difficult to touch all the bases and still stay within the ball park. The theme is divided into two parts: 1. history and purpose of PAC; 2. the charge of communism.

I grant him his facts on the origin of PAC. On the purpose of PAC I distinguish. For the non-communist element in the CIO the program may be all that he and others claim, "the best progressive thinking in the country today." Anyone, however, who thinks the communists in CIO will not knife and try to nullify anything that is not to their liking does not know what time it is.

"The Charge of Communism."—Under this caption neither Father Masse nor anyone else has met the issue that I claim was the crux of the whole matter, at least as far as determining the Catholic viewpoint is concerned, in the recent campaign. What actually took place, designedly or otherwise, was the

*1150 Carroll St., Brooklyn, 25, N. Y. Nov. 21, 1944.

launching of a very convenient cover-all for communist political activity under the masthead of CIO-PAC and NC-PAC. There was not the slightest protest on this point from the allegedly anti-communist members of CIO. Never a word of repudiation of glaring incidents. Today we have three instead of one pro-communist member in the House of Representatives, thanks to PAC. That is merely one instance, a drop in the political bucket. I use it to exemplify what I have in mind. It's an indication of the way the wind blows. If within a few years we are to have the same percentage of communists in public office as is now present in the CIO we are going to have a nice situation on our hands. That is a potent possibility if PAC is to become a prevailing power in politics and the communists are allowed to work covertly in the organization.

Many Catholics have supported the CIO, in spite of the communists in it, because they thought the responsible leaders were both able and willing to meet the menace and eventually to rid the organization of it. The Stalinists have been tolerated as the lesser of two evils, the second being the destruction of the CIO as a hope of future sound trade unionism. That has been my position. Under this assumption we were led to believe that a determined effort was being made to check the growth of communism in the CIO and to weaken it as far as possible without destroying the strength of the entire organization.

With the birth of PAC, a new, con-

trary manifestation has been shown. Was there any sign of displeasure, resistance, or even cognizance of the political alignment of CIO and communists in the campaign? Not the slightest. Perhaps some would like me to distinguish between CIO communists and non-CIO communists. Why should I? No one else did. Was there any difference? Every evidence pointed to unity and harmony rather than the reverse.

Father Masse, in his original article and his latest explanation, dismisses the American Labor party scandal with a wave of the hand. "It is not the pattern for the Political Action Committee's program outside New York state," he says, and that is supposed to be the final answer. How does he know it was not? Half truth! There was no American Labor party outside of New York state. But what communists do in New York state is the tip-off for communist activity and tactics all over the country. Outside of Detroit, where the ACTU is strong, we have heard of no resistance to the commies in PAC anywhere. The pattern was pretty much the same everywhere. Has any CIO leader repudiated Hillman's action to date?

Mr. Hillman *privately* would admit this action was a mistake, I am told. Mr. Hillman *publicly* is still boss of the American Labor party in New York state. "Hillman, not the communists, dominate the ALP," Father Masse tells us. There is our old friend "dominate" in again. Tell that to Dave Dubinsky, whose followers sacrificed

an investment of \$800,000 when they withdrew and left the ALP in the hands of Hillman and the communists. What did the CIO sacrifice to take them in? Is the ALP to be a permanent part of PAC? "Rule or ruin" is the communist slogan. These boys would be willing to let *anyone* appear to "dominate" for years and years if by so doing they can grow stronger little by little. Let's not forget that, even while considering the national body of the CIO.

"Hillman never met Browder." How do we know that? Mr. Hillman says so. The *World Telegram* exposed this CIO-commie deal months before the campaign and no one who wishes to get an impartial judgment on the whole picture can disregard the evidence. It was a foolproof case that was presented. It makes no difference whether Hillman ever met Browder personally or not and to use that as an argument to bolster up Hillman's position is partial pleading at its worst. The same thing goes for the assertion that there were no communists on the payroll of the New York PAC headquarters. That proves merely that Sidney Hillman is a shrewd individual. Does Father Masse expect the commies to tell him *everything*?

Frankly, I do not know how powerful the communists are in the CIO. And *because I do not*, I intend to take the position of reserving further judgment in support of the CIO until I find out. I know enough to make me cautious and in the light of the developments in PAC to make me much more

apprehensive than heretofore. I am only too anxious to sustain the non-communist leaders in any way I can according to my limited abilities. But I am neither a partisan trade unionist nor merely a well-wisher on the sidelines. I represent a small segment of Catholic thought and have the responsibility to be right on so delicate and dangerous a matter. It is time for the CIO leaders to *give the public a vote of confidence* in return for public support by giving an honest and courageous appraisal of the communist situation in the CIO and what they intend to do about it. PAC, with its recent public appearance of dubious character and its possibilities for future harm, and NC-PAC with its glittering array of fellow travelers, puts the burden of proof that the setup is *not* to be a communist front, right in the lap of the CIO leadership.

Twenty-one unions, so controlled that the Reds have 18 seats on the National Executive Board, represent a lot of communist power. How many other locals are similarly controlled but unrepresented, with definite possibilities for local political and social action, has never been determined. The slanting of the news in hundreds of local shop newsheets is painfully evident and the fact that CIO news has been in the hands of the party liners for so long a time is intolerable to many who wish well to the CIO.

The John L. Lewis accusation that Philip Murray "has got to play ball with the communists now, or die" may or may not be true. There is one way

to find out: meet the issue head on and see what happens. Father Masse's mild suggestion that "right-wing CIO leaders might well ask themselves whether they are using every legitimate means to oust communists from positions of leadership and responsibility" is entirely too gentle. Public opinion is flinging at them a fiery challenge.

It seems quite clear to me that PAC and NC-PAC give to communists the opportunity they have always sought and which, up to this year, has been denied them—the opportunity to carry out their technique of "partial gains" in political life under the protecting mantle of a non-communist front. I certainly do not intend to subscribe to an easy evaluation of the events that have transpired in the past few weeks.

As long as the Browderites are welcome in the CIO, the organization carries within its structure the seeds of its own destruction. The roots are getting deeper rather than receding. Rationalizing the situation will not cure the disease. Definite action is needed.

The American public is being "softened up" on this question of communism. Clever Stalinist pressure and propaganda is making it uncomfortable for many to criticize the communists and their trickery. It is so easy to be smeared as showing hostility to a military ally, Russia, and to be accused of weakening the war effort if you are outspoken on the subject. Trade unionists in communist-controlled unions suddenly find themselves out of a job if they "blow their top" on the subject.

Republican orators and the ultra-nationalist portion of the press went to the extremes of exaggeration. Attacks against communism were looked upon as hollow political oratory and bombast. The Democrats, on the other hand, so minimized and ridiculed the communist issue that many were led to forget the actuality.

The use of excerpts from three Catholic publications by the Democrats and PAC merely added to the confusion, but to the advantage of the users. My contention at the time was, and still is, that the word "dominate" was a delusion. The point at issue, made so by circumstances, was not whether the communists dominated the organizations with which they worked, but whether the CIO had compromised and joined forces with them in political action. To prove the viewpoint correct, I say: if the communists wielded 49% of the power, they could still be absolved from the taint of domination, yet be a menace with which no self-respecting American would wish to be identified. Everyone knew that their influence in the CIO and elsewhere was substantial. The phase in doubt was whether or not the CIO and the Democrats had really welcomed them as had the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate when speaking in California. If they were on their own, the Republican charges lost a good deal of their meaning. If a coalition had been formed, we had reason to listen. I am convinced that PAC let down the bars to them and that is why I hammer the anvil now.

The last echoes of the electioneering have died out. What was said by both sides cannot be unsaid. Communism still remains as a threat to our American way of life.

It is entirely true that this germ can be killed only by isolating it in an atmosphere of a strong, healthy social order. But to effect that result, long years of education, sacrifice and effort will be required. In the meantime the poisonous growth can spread. It feasts on the corruption of a diseased capitalism. But that is not its only means of nourishment. It can and is strengthened by propaganda, it dotes on political preferments, it will grow under the false label of trade unionism, it can be nicely nurtured as an innocent ally by mutual political action with other groups, and best of all—it can take deep root in the soil of American life by the woefully apathetic negligence of the husbandmen, private and official, whose duty it is to weed out poisonous plants in the garden of the body politic.

"Nothing can be done about it!" I have heard that one often from persons who should know better. Certainly something can be done about it. The Attorney General has ruled the communist party revolutionary and its doctrine subversive. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has spent much money, has had an army of investigators working long days and nights ferreting out facts and figures on the movement in this country. Has there ever been a complete report issued on the subject? Why not? If it be necessary to legalize such a report, let Con-

gress act. That is the first step. Let the people know what is going on.

Every branch of the military service has an Intelligence Department. Our agents have come into contact with communists in their work. The files, at least those that still exist, should have some most interesting data on the state of the nation. With the coming report on Pearl Harbor let us have, likewise, a report on the sabotage and subversive activities here at home of alien-minded citizens and noncitizens whose first loyalties are to a foreign power, even though that power be a military ally.

Make communist affiliation a bar to holding public office. How would you prove a fellow is a real communist? The same way we proved that Hitler's gang were serving Germany and not the U. S. A. Get the evidence from the FBI and the other half-dozen or more investigating agencies now working for the U. S. Department of Justice or the U. S. Treasury.

Inaugurate a congressional committee, as a permanent function of Congress, to really do a job on subversive activities. Let the members be men of liberal viewpoint, but of keen discernment and anti-communist. That's what they would be appointed for—to be anti-communist. Give them the support of the administration and the Congress. If they do not get that support, have them report to the people and tell us why. They will have to run up against some of the shrewdest minds in the country. They must avoid "plants" smuggled into the picture by the communists, as happened

to the Dies Committee. They would have to be prepared to be smeared unmercifully. All of which adds up to—how necessary such a committee is.

Put an end to political compromise. Defeat any candidate for office who hasn't the courage to refuse a communist endorsement. In New York state put an end to the practice of European politics, by which a man may

run as a candidate on three separate tickets and have the votes counted as one. Make the political parties mean something, and stand or fall on the merits of their platforms and programs. Cut the knot that enables political parasites to appear as paragons of strength by the simple expedient of wedging their way into a position of "balance of power."

Tolerance Wins Twice

In Colorado, a Dr. John B. Lechner from Los Angeles made three speeches, shortly before the Nov. 7 elections, in favor of a state constitutional amendment to bar Japanese-Americans from owning property in Colorado. Joseph Masaoka, of the Japanese-American Citizens' League, heckled Lechner at these meetings. Masaoka has five brothers in our Army in Italy, where Japanese-American soldiers have done some of the bravest fighting witnessed in this war on any side. Doctor Lechner tried to persuade the Denver authorities to arrest Masaoka. The authorities refused.

A U. S. marshal a while ago was driving through Fort Lupton, Colo., with two prisoners, bound for Denver. A Japanese-American youngster called out something as the marshal's car passed. The marshal stopped, got out, and asked the boy if he had yelled at him. The boy said he had not; but this U. S. marshal hit him in the mouth and broke his jaw. About 80 American boy pals of the Jap-American boy grabbed the marshal, hit him, and held him for arrest by the town marshal. The U. S. marshal was fined \$100. The Japanese-American boy whose jaw was broken has a brother in our armed forces. This incident took place in the heart of the Colorado farm belt, and in a center of anti-Japanese-American agitation.

Here we have two cases of Americans standing up for the basic rights of Japanese-Americans at a time when Japan and the U. S. are in a war with each other. Yet tolerance and common decency won out.

From an editorial in *Collier's*, (30 Dec. '44).

The Tears of Rheims

By HOWARD WHEELER

Condensed from N.C.W.C.*

Soul of a people

Mr. Wheeler, formerly editor of the old *Everybody's Magazine*, wrote the following short sketch in 1918. Because Rheims is once again of universal interest, especially to the Catholic world, his inspirational article of 26 years ago is reproduced. Mr. Wheeler is now on the writing staff of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

Rheims came at the end of a long trip along the French front. Before this I had been out on the line that the British were holding. I had seen the guns at work and I had seen what the Germans had done at Arras, Baupaume, Albert, and elsewhere. Only the day before I had been at Verdun. Even then, from underneath a feeling of horror and impotent rage at the sheer brutality, the utter cruelty, and stupid bestiality of the monstrous thing which a stupid autocracy had committed—there came, here and there, lightning-flash impressions of the human soul triumphing beneath it all. Somehow those impressions penetrated the consciousness and stayed there.

The cathedral at Arras, with the exception of partly standing walls, was a ruin. The crypt where prelates past and gone had been laid to rest had been broken open and violated in a filthy manner. Not the smallest part of a window, not a piece of statuary remained intact. Yet the recollection of my trip to Arras centers around a little chapel in the war-torn outskirts. This,

too, was a ruin—only a heap of stone and mortar with an angle of the walls remaining. But in this angle there stood a small marble statue of Jeanne d'Arc, unscratched.

I spent the better part of a forenoon in all that was left of the Verdun cathedral. There the quaint chairs of the worshipers still stood on the broken floor, each with its card bearing the name of the person to whom it had belonged. But the historic monument, dating back to the days of the Romans, was in ruins. The organ, the statuary, priceless glass—all were gone. Only in a little alcove, the tricolor in the right hand where it had been placed on some fete day, there stood a white marble statue of Jeanne d'Arc.

Back in Paris I had asked a French officer about the battle of the Marne. I had been reading Hilaire Belloc's *Elements of the Great War*, in which he explains that the Germans lost the battle of the Marne through von Kluck's blunder in drawing too many troops from the German center to reinforce his army on the right to overcome what he believed to be a tremendous concentration of French troops. It was through the weakened center that Foch drove.

On the British front I had asked certain officers to explain von Kluck's error. It wasn't yet clear to me. I knew

*1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, 5, D. C. Dec. 25, 1944.

that the French had no such concentration as von Kluck had apparently imagined. So I asked this French officer. He holds a high rank. He is a cool, deliberate, practical fighting man. He smiled when I put my question.

"We of France have an explanation for it. Perhaps you have heard?"

I told him I had not.

"There are some," he said, "who profess to believe that Kluck really did see an immense army there before him, or that others saw this concentration and reported it to him. These folks say that when the life and soul of France hung in the balance, and when there seemed to be no way that human endurance could stay the German flood, Jeanne d'Arc gathered a celestial host, and that it was this which the Germans were permitted to see for a little while, that the heart of France might go on beating."

The story took but a couple of minutes in the telling. But the sheer beauty of the imagery, the brief glimpse of something which I had not seen, or if I had seen had not comprehended, left me without words. Finally something impelled me to ask:

"That is a general belief? Do you believe it?"

The officer hesitated only a moment. Perhaps it occurred to him that he was conversing with an American, not a Frenchman. But when he answered it was very gravely, "Yes." And adroitly he turned the conversation.

We had motored almost all night on the way to Rheims. It was raining hard and was very cold. The morning was a

little brighter. We were almost five miles out when we got our first view of the cathedral, *La Glorieuse Mutilee* the French call it. The towers stood out clearly against the sky, certainly a wonderful mark for the barbarian gunners. As we entered the dead city and turned into the avenue leading to the cathedral, at a little distance it seemed to me that the reports of the damage had been exaggerated. But as we came closer it was plain that the church was just a shell.

We stopped at some distance and walked toward the entrance. There were great holes where pavement had once been, and the whole area around the cathedral was waste from glancing shells or misaimed shells which had been fired at the historic structure. And from this debris there rose that wonderful statue of the Maid of Orleans, untouched; not even a nick in the upraised sword.

The story told me by that French officer in Paris came back to me. I wondered.

Inside, it was the old story over again. There were great holes in the roof, demolished statuary, torn pavement. Even the spot where Jeanne d'Arc stood near the main altar while Charles VII was being crowned King of France was obliterated forever. The same terrible story, with one difference. A portion of the roof had been of wood covered with lead. At the time of the first bombardment interior repairs were under way. The bombardment set fire to the scaffolding and the flames leaped to the roof. The lead

sheathing melted, dripping on the floor or running down the walls. In many places it still hung in long, slender festoons. The guide explained the cause very slowly so that I should understand.

"We have come to call them," he concluded, "the tears of Rheims."

The world has marveled at the courage, endurance, undaunted spirit of the

French. In the officer's story there in Paris, in the guide's explanation there in the Cathedral of Rheims, I think I got a little of the explanation, just a glimpse of the soul of France.

A ruin—just a dreary, dreadful ruin of a noble, ancient church. "*La Glorieuze Mutilee!*"

Lead—just fire-blackened festoons of lead. "The tears of Rheims!"

Glider Ride

By G. T. PERRY

Condensed from *Catholic Youth**

Sailing on air

Tom Perry is actively connected with the Gatineau Gliding Club, which has its flying field some 20 miles from Ottawa. Composed chiefly of members of the Aeronautical Engineering Division of the National Research Council and of the Royal Canadian Air Force, this group has recorded over 800 flights during the 1943 and 1944 seasons and has built its own primary and secondary-type gliders.

Gliders are not only playing a large part in the war but are rapidly becoming popular as a new form of sport.

A glider, having no motive power of its own, has to be launched from the ground. This may be done with a large rubber "shock cord," by towing with a car (provided you have the car and enough smooth ground to run it on), or with a launching winch. The winch consists of a motor-driven drum from which is stretched some 1,200 feet of

rope or cable. The rope is attached to the ship and then, when the motor is started, it is pulled in and wound up on the drum, thus pulling the glider forward and upward, like a kite. When the desired altitude has been reached, the pilot releases the tow cable and is as free as a bird, quite literally.

All right, the glider is in the air; what now? Well, let us consider what air does under certain conditions. First, when a wind is blowing towards the front of a hill, it can't go around it so it must go over it. That is, the wind blows up the hill. This causes an up-current along the crest of the hill, which will allow the glider pilot to ascend until he reaches the maximum altitude to which the air rises when blowing up the hill. Using this up-

* 67 Bond St., Toronto, 2, Canada. December, 1944.

current, he may then soar along the face of the hill until he wishes to come down.

Secondly, due to the uneven heating of the earth's surface by the sun, some patches, such as open fields, are warmer than others, such as wooded sections and lakes. The air above these warmer sections is warmer than the surrounding air and, as a result, rises in bubbles like a balloon. These air bubbles are known as thermals, and rise so rapidly and with such force that they will carry a glider to great heights. Just watch a hawk soaring above an open cornfield on a sunny summer day: he will circle higher and higher without a single wing flap.

Thermals are easily recognized by those fluffy clouds that are the photographer's delight. Each such cloud is formed when a bubble of air rises to such heights that the moisture in the air cools into vapor.

Now that we know what keeps the glider up there, come along with us for a flight. We will drive out to the field and take a look at some of the equipment. Over there by the hangar are two primary open-type gliders; they are used for training, and have what we call "poor" performance, that is, they don't stay in the air very long; but are rugged and give the student the "feel" of the controls. You realize, of course, that your first flight is solo, but not off the ground. Just along the ground; and then gradually higher as you gain more confidence. Way down at the far end of the field is the launching winch.

It is a good day, the wind is steady and blowing smack up the hill. Look—over there at the starting line! That ship with the smooth fuselage and gull-shaped wings is a secondary. It will soar on the hill nicely and has a fair performance. It is very useful for getting soaring experience, but it is not very "hot."

Come on over to the hangar and see the sailplane, a really "hot" ship, one that is as clean and smooth as an eagle. It will get up and sail around with the eagles, too; pilots have flown that type of ship up to 20,000 feet in thermals and nearly 500 miles across country. Look at the smooth, fine hull and the beautiful long, tapered wings. That is the machine the experts like and the students hope to fly.

Here is the ship we shall fly, a two-seater and a nice job; not up to that sailplane, but lots of fun. We'll get the gang to push her to the starting line.

There's the "go" signal from the starter! We're off! Feel the pull from the winch? Climbing rapidly. Want to get all the height we can. About 600 feet now. Almost over the winch, going to drop the tow rope off the hook—just have to pull on this release wire. There! It's gone! Feel the sudden bump upwards? Get the nose down and start the glide. Hear the wind in the rigging? Got to listen to that to judge the speed.

Turning now to get back to the hill. There it is ahead of us, and look, you can see the lake on the other side of it. Losing height a bit, but we'll get that back when we get up the hill. Gliding

about 40 miles an hour. What? Going to crash into the trees on the hill? Oh, no; you've got to get in close to get the lift. O.K! Now we'll turn and start to run along the hill. Feel the old crate start to rise, now that we've hit the lift? It won't be so rough after we get above the hill again. Going to turn out and go back along the hill up the river so we can have a look at the scenery.

There now, we're gaining height fast. You can feel the ship going up. About 1,500 feet now. Look back there on the field. Another ship is just taking off. Isn't it nice and quiet and peaceful up here? All you can hear is the wind on the struts and rigging; no noisy motor to deafen you. Now we're up about 2,000 feet; that's about all we'll get on the hill today. We'll just cruise up here a while and then cut back to the field. This is the life!

Look! Across that farm about half a mile away, see that hawk circling around? Looks as if he's found a good thermal. Let's go over and chisel in on his picnic. Hold on to your hat, here we go! We'll drop a bit of altitude, but if the lift is any good in the thermal we'll get a good rise out of it. Anyway, we have enough altitude to get back to the hill if the thermal dies out.

Oops! Here we are. Feel the ship start to make like an elevator? Good thermal! We'll keep circling in it and see where we get to. Hey! Where's that hawk? Look! There he is about 500 feet above us and giving us the old dirty look. We probably spoiled his week-end fun. Oh boy, 2,000 feet and still going up. Around and around and

around we go, and where we stop. . . .

Let's go up through the cloud layer and then hike back for the field. Somebody else probably wants to get a flight in today. There you are, all foggy and can't see. Hang on, we'll be out in the sun again in a second; the cloud layer isn't very thick. There! The lights are on again. It looks grand above the clouds, eh? Up 4,000 feet. If the boys at the field couldn't see us, we'd like to loop the old ship, but we'd get a terrific riding when we got back, for showing off. It just isn't done.

O.K! Let's go home. Now for a nice long steady glide back to the field. See it there, a couple of miles ahead? Just like sliding down a hill of air. No effort, just relax and enjoy life. We'll make for the hill, circle the field, and land up wind. Have to circle to see what's going on and also to give the boys an idea of what we are going to do. Don't want to get mixed up with a launching as we come in. Here we are. Around the field we go. Nothing doing down there so it must be all right to come in. Easy does it. Down, down, down; easy, easy; don't let her stall. There, the skid hit and here we are! Pull the release pin on your safety belt and we will get out and swing the ship around so the retrieving-car crew can pick it up.

Grand sport, isn't it? Once you try it you are sold. This sort of thing is going on at about 20 active clubs across the country from coast to coast. It is the same thing to power flying as sailing is to motor boating; it takes more skill, and is much more fun.

Of Interest to Women

By FLORENCE PFISTER

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Journal**

In that period between the time that father is your ideal man and your own son becomes the apple of your eye comes *love* with all its debatable ramifications. There are many imitations, such as flirtation, lure, the chase and catch which go into most games. Is it love or vanity? The person who thinks life not worth living has never loved. It is wounded vanity that bitterly wishes to end it all.

True love can happen more than once, although such a momentous matter does not occur frequently, as in the Hollywood manner. Love at different times in life will, no doubt, be different but can be just as complete and happy as a first love. Real love, even if unreturned, is more nourishing than destructive: it gives out more than it uses up because it tends to make the lover unselfish.

Women are more concerned with love than men; not because their hearts are physically different but because their natural sphere in life is more concerned with the family, children, the home. The lives of men are just as much molded by love, only it is easier for them to put aside the cloying details of domesticity when there is trouble and seek outside contacts; but of all the empty escapes this is the most farcical. Usually if hubby were as suave at home as he is outside and wifey

were as sweet to him as to a new man they could become re-enchanted.

The wife always has the advantage. Old memories and melodies stir the heart more than new; and even though they'd die rather than admit it, men are more sentimental than women.

From the woman's standpoint, the happiness or hurt she experiences through her dealings with men depends largely on how much she considers the rules by which men live or whether she has tried to force them to follow her way. Most men are simple and direct as a child and surprisingly immature emotionally; they react immediately to the "pleasure-and-pain principle," especially in their contacts with women.

Men are not very analytical about women. Often the most brilliant man apparently shuts off his mind when in the presence of women and reacts as a child who is sampling things in an old-fashioned grocery store. He finds some of the candy, some pickles, some dry but good crunchy crackers, and so on down the aisle. The most tremendous injustices women suffer at the hands of men are not injustices at all from the man's standpoint. How can there be an injustice without violation of reasoning? The man's mind was never involved in the matter, so, therefore, he has not been unjust! To be sure, my

* 220 37th St., Pittsburgh, 1, Pa. December, 1944.

dear, mental companionship is entirely possible between a man and woman and is always a strong bond between them; but do not depend upon it too much, for the way a man feels, where his contact with a woman is concerned, is far more essential than the way he thinks.

Like a child, a man demands physical and mental comfort or he will be cranky and unreasonable. Women will torture themselves in body and mind to gain an end, but not a man! That is why the preservation of a marriage or a love affair is mostly up to the woman.

If you can soothe his ego, amuse him, and keep his mind entertained with an image of himself that makes him fairly purr with satisfaction, you can keep his love forever. In many cases it isn't just, and is done at great sacrifice, but it is material for a happy marriage, at least as far as the man is concerned. The woman who can keep a man's mind on himself rather than on her will never lose him. Hypocrisy and insincerity have no place in charm nor in building happiness, but, re-

member, every man has some qualities for which he is praiseworthy. Make the most of them.

You will never appeal to a man for long unless he can excel in something. A man likes a woman who is just a little below him in physical strength but he has no use for a whiny kill-joy. If it kills you, be cheerful and happy in his presence, because a man reacts to happiness like a fly to sugar.

Never expect a man to fit into your moods. You must fit into his. Sorry, but that's the way it is, mostly. On the other hand, never stoop to being a doormat, for heaven help you if you let a man see you with your spirit broken. Never forget that men are far more conventional at heart than women and you gain nothing by breaking through the barriers to sin, no matter how loudly he talks beforehand.

Why should women always be the ones to do the pleasing and placating? Because both men and women get more out of that arrangement, dear, than any other, as witness experiments over thousands of years.

About the middle of the third quarter of the Notre Dame-Yale game, at the request of the Yale center, time was called. Then, walking up to the referee, the Yale man said, "Look here, Mr. Referee, I don't like to complain, but every time we get tangled up in a scrimmage play that big Irish center bites me. What do you think I should do about it?"

"Well," snapped the referee, "the only thing I can advise is that you play him only on Fridays."

The Sign quoted in the *Catholic Herald Citizen* (9 Dec. '44).

Peace Be With You

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Advice for nations

Condensed from *The Sign**

People of the U.S.: Your country will be the richest, and in some respects the strongest power on earth after the war. American air and naval combat strength and potential production will be unsurpassed. American casualties will be heavy, but proportionately less than those of other large countries engaged in the conflict. The American standard of living has been kept surprisingly high.

The war has revealed your immense potential productive power. American managerial ability, technical inventiveness, and skilled labor have accomplished industrial miracles. You have learned to build ships faster than ships were ever built. You have turned airplanes off production lines in quantities unheard of. You have built roads through tropical mountains and jungles and made possible landing operations on a scale that many military experts considered impossible.

It will not be surprising if you develop a heady sense of power as the war nears a victorious end. But power, unaccompanied by a sense of responsibility and self-restraint, is dangerous.

Without falling into the opposite extreme of an American guilt complex, that blames America for everything that went wrong between the two wars, you must frankly recognize, for future guidance, America's share of re-

sponsibility for the breakdown of international morality, political stability, and economic security. You must scrap once and for all the selfish, shortsighted idea that the U. S. can win prosperity by hawking its goods and capital throughout the world while also erecting insurmountable barriers against foreign goods and services.

You must continue and improve on the good-neighbor policy in this hemisphere and work out mutually beneficial plans of trade and economic development with our neighbors to the south. You must get away from cruel and stupid race discriminations, in domestic practice and immigration regulations, that deny the more generous ideals of American democracy.

And above all, discard the silly idea that this will, or should be, an American century. Make it rather a Century of Humanity that will abolish, or at least lower, barriers of race, nationality, ideological fanaticism, economic inequality. It should not be hard to make the second half of this century happier than the first.

People of Great Britain: During the year you stood alone, you wrote an imperishable chapter in the history of human freedom. With your democratic partners in the British Commonwealth, you have held the line on many far-flung fronts.

*Union City, N. J. December, 1944.

The Commonwealth itself embodies principles that might well serve for a wider association of free peoples. It possesses unity without uniformity, and freedom for member states, along with the capacity for common action against common dangers.

But the British Empire is not the British Commonwealth. It includes peoples who are not happy because they are not free. It is an anachronism in an age of rapidly spreading education and technical knowledges, which tend to level differences in the industrial capacity of peoples. The Englishman who fancies himself upholding the superiority of the white race to other supposed "lesser breeds without the law" (Kipling anticipated Hitler) is often a painful contrast to the intelligent, democratic, liberal-minded Englishman in England.

It would be unfair to ask you to renounce all the advantages of empire, unless America assumes a reasonable share of responsibility for world security, giving fair consideration to your needs and difficulties in such matters as trade, shipping, and aviation. But these advantages and privileges will become more illusory with passing time. Yield them gracefully while you can. Substitute full liberty for domination in India. Lead in setting up a system of international trusteeship for the less advanced peoples of Asia and Africa.

In setting an example of orderly liquidation of white rule over colored races and substituting a system of commercial and cultural contracts based on

equality, you will serve your own best interests and those of world peace.

People of the Soviet Union: You have performed epics of heroism in defending your country, your homes, against invasion. All United Nations salute the men who fell in the last-ditch defense of Leningrad, of Sevastopol, of Stalingrad.

You inhabit a vast country, potentially rich. You propose to develop it along the lines of your social revolution of 1917, modified in some cases by the teachings of experience. Like all pioneers, your spokesmen sometimes exaggerate, and confuse promise with performance.

People of other lands will reserve the right to form their own judgments of your accomplishments, to decide for themselves how far your policies and methods are applicable to themselves. But no one will challenge your right to shape your social order as you see fit within your own boundaries.

By combination of size, population, natural wealth, military and industrial strength, you will represent easily the first land power in Europe and in Asia after the war. Your power is adequate security against attack. It is also a temptation.

Would not your future peace be best assured, would not the entire world breathe more securely, if your leaders would unequivocally declare a willingness to abide by the Atlantic Charter and by the nonaggression treaties concluded with your western neighbors in the 30's?

Why covet Lvov and Wilno, which

mean much to Poland and little to Russia in historical associations? Surely you, who possess a sixth of the globe, scarcely need *Lebensraum*. You, who own some of the richest oil deposits, could scarcely require Poland's only source of oil, in Eastern Galicia. And of what benefit is an extra 100 or 200 miles of East European forests and swamps and flat lands in an age of air and mechanized warfare?

You deserve rest and an easier life after heroic exertions. May it not be that you, or rather your leaders, will recognize that the best means of developing the full possibilities of your new system is to abstain from power politics and concentrate on internal reconstruction and development?

People of China: A call to self-restraint is not so necessary in your case. For you will not suffer from excess of strength. You will more likely suffer from extreme weakness.

Yet there is a contribution you can make, to your own well-being and to world security. Stand together. Avoid internal feuds and cleavages that cripple and frustrate, that invite foreign intervention. Let your ruling party, the Kuomintang, abandon methods of regimentation and follow more consistently the ideals of Sun Yat-sen in promoting reform, especially in country districts. May your communists give up association with a foreign power that has not always been a friend of China and advocate their ideas of agrarian reform as loyal Chinese within a framework of national loyalty.

People of France: I feel especially

strongly for you, because I was with you in your greatest anguish and humiliation, in the collapse of 1940. As one of your leading publicists wrote at that time, it seemed that the work of ten centuries had crumbled within weeks.

Now, after a terrible ordeal when your friends found it necessary to withhold food and to bomb your towns, liberation has come. The armored monster that crushed you in 1940 has been overmatched. Your people, both as uniformed soldiers and as guerrillas, have struck blow after blow for your deliverance.

One can understand that after such disaster you will be slow to settle down, that you will sometimes be sensitive, perhaps a little hasty to take offense where none is intended.

But I hope that Old France, with its sense of classical values, its abhorrence of tyranny, its humane tolerance, will soon revive. If a little totalitarian poison has got into your veins, your native sanity and wit will be an effective antidote. May your future regime be just as free, but a little less slack.

People of Poland: You are a crucified nation. Your losses and sufferings have exceeded those of any other European people, except the Jews. Heroic, as always in your long and somber history, struggling against overwhelming odds, you cannot share with the French, Belgians, Dutch, Norwegians, and Danes the hope for an integral restoration of your homeland.

A supposed ally wishes to annex arbitrarily some two-fifths of your terri-

tory. You are pressed to accept as "compensation" solidly German regions, the annexation of which would weaken, not strengthen, your international position and leave you in helpless dependence upon a foreign power.

Advice to a people that has borne so much may seem impertinent. But, for the national health and strength of future Poland, I venture to wish for you two things. The first is the moral courage to refuse additional territory that is overwhelmingly non-Polish. The second is the inauguration of a more tolerant regime, along federal lines, if non-Polish minorities are included in the new Polish state.

Peoples of Europe: Your inheritance from this war is a witches' brew of hatred and horror. If you allow your minds to brood on the past, you may well go mad from bitterness and frustration.

Your only hope of salvation as Europeans lies in looking to the future. You must clear up the debris of war by common effort, and work out collective measures for meeting those functional problems that no country can alone solve. Among these problems are repatriation of millions of war prisoners and civilian laborers, reopening of ports, equitable allocation of food, common preventive measures against disease.

The Europe of completely sovereign separate states can never return. The airplane and the tank have sounded the doom of the small nation that tries to stand alone. Europe, in the long run, must choose between federation and

division into spheres of influence dominated by extra-European powers. The first of these alternatives will be far preferable for the sake of Europe and for world peace.

To all the men in all the lands: The present war is only the most aggravated expression of a disease eating away at the heart of our civilization. That disease is excessive concentration of power. As states become more powerful and agencies of destruction more perfected, it is not fantastic to imagine a time when a few men or even one man, released from all restraints of moral law, could press a button and unloose a process of destruction far worse than anything thus far experienced. If this conflict is to be averted, there must be the widest measure of agreement on measures designed to curb irresponsible exercise of arbitrary power.

No relations can be based on conquest and exploitation. There should be free movement for men and goods and absolute freedom for exchange of ideas. There should be a clean sweep of censorship and state-sponsored propaganda.

While we are at it, let us outlaw both military conscription and systems of forced labor associated with it. The disarmament of Germany and Japan will not require any overwhelming military establishments, provided there is common will. Revive the ideal of the free human personality, liberate the individual from the bonds of an overgrown secular state.

When the war ends, civilization will

have very narrowly escaped toppling into a bottomless abyss. Let us hope that the very magnitude of the danger will promote an after-war mood of boldness and foresight, in which every people will be willing to contribute to the edifice of permanent peace.

No one has indicated the spirit of such a building so eloquently and courageously as Pope Pius XII, in his Christmas allocution of 1943. The following passages from it carry a strong appeal to men and women of all faiths and may well serve as a standard by which the quality of the coming settlement may be judged: "Rise above yourselves, above every narrow, calculating judgment, above every boast of military superiority, above every one-sided affirmation of right and justice. This hour demands, with insistent voice, that the aims and programs for peace be inspired by the highest moral

sense. They should have as their supreme purpose nothing less than the task of securing agreement and concord between the warring nations, an achievement which may leave with every nation, in the consciousness of its duty to unite with the rest of the family of states, the possibility of co-operating with dignity, without renouncing or destroying itself, in the great future task of recuperation and reconstruction. Naturally, the achievement of such a peace would not imply in any way the abandonment of necessary guaranties and sanctions in the event of any attempt to use force against right. Do not ask any member of the family of peoples, however small or weak, for that renunciation of substantial rights or vital necessities which you yourselves, if it were demanded from your people, would deem impracticable."

Good Bread

By MARJORIE KREMER

Condensed from *St. Benedict's Quarterly**

No one ever scoffs at enthusiasm at a Grail school. But it was hard to shed completely the modern shell of protective flippancy. So we just grinned and said, "Golly, what mother would say if she could see me making bread."

It was a hot, tight day at the Grail

School of Apostolate, conducted at Villa Maria Academy, Frontenac, Minn. Our small folk-dance team had been released for the morning to do less vigorous jobs, dipping candles, churning butter, making bread.

We were in the dorm tying our

*College of St. Benedict, St. Joseph, Minn. Fall, 1944.

heads in clean, white bandanas. This, Janet had said, was the first step in good breadmaking. Janet, active staff member of the Grail school, headquarters of which are at Grailville, Loveland, Ohio, was our guide in this adventure.

Our supplies were waiting on the long linoleum-covered table in a corner of the dining room, for we were not to interfere with Gabrielle's dinner preparations. Lard, salt, and brown sugar were flanked by four bowls, four granite pans, and four measuring cups. On a chair lay a sack of coarse whole-wheat flour.

To most of us, whose experience in cooking had been confined to making fudge and toasted-cheese sandwiches, this was a thrilling moment. We squirmed anxiously, and looked at Janet for our first directions. She unwrapped the tinfoil from a bar of dry yeast and divided it precisely into four pieces. We rubbed the pieces between our hands until they felt and looked like a crumbled eraser, and dissolved them in warm water.

We had been prepared for this moment by reading and discussing the Gospel: "And Christ said, 'The kingdom of heaven is like to leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened.'"

And certainly our leaders at this course had taken Christ at His word. They radiated leaven-ness from wells of love and adventure deep within themselves, wells dug by constant and valiant living with Christ. Less than

an hour's contact with them had changed 80 rather ordinary girls into an electrified body. While we sloshed wooden spoons in our yeast, lard, sugar, and water, I planned how I would nonchalantly stroll into the kitchen at home and calmly bake a batch of bread.

Then the real breadmaking began. We left the safety of a recipe to rely only on "feel" in adding flour and working the dough. The amount of flour was never the same, confided Janet; you just "knew" how much to add. Cautiously we added flour, dribble by dribble, in dire dread of spoiling everything, pushing and pulling the sticky dough after each dribble. With relief we got the "feel" as the dough bounced away from our punching fists and formed a pliable, resilient blob.

Janet kept up a running commentary on our progress, interspersed with comments on the healthfulness and goodness of whole-wheat flour, the insipidness of bakery bread. It was nearly dinnertime when we took the pans to the kitchen to arrange them on chairs behind the huge black wood stove.

After dinner we were ready for the final step, after greasing our hands, the table top, and bread tins (which, we were told, should never be washed; just wiped out). We kneaded down the dough, which had grown double from the heat. With quick estimations we divided it and molded low, rounded loaves. After another interval for the yeast to work, the loaves were ready for baking. We slid the tins into the spacious oven.

Now the bread was finished; 12 brown, steaming loaves lay on their sides waiting for supper, when they and the pale-yellow, hand-churned butter would be blessed.

Father Doherty read the special blessings in Latin, then in English: "Holy Lord, Father almighty, eternal God, deign to bless this bread by Your Holy Spirit, that all who consume it may have health of mind and body."

With the butter, the bread was passed up and down the long tables, where even the most bird-like eaters managed an incredible amount. For this was bread you ate as a food, not as a holder for jelly, or a wrapping for bacon, tomato, and lettuce.

But at a course called "The New Leaven" they were too wise to let this small detail stand isolated and unimportant. Our bread had become a deep symbol.

In this new and living way we rediscovered a basic fact of our life as Christians: as baptized members of the mystical Body, we are all duty-bound apostles of Christ. We were the leaven, undeveloped, potential, but ready to grow from the radiating warmth and nearness of Christ. We as Christians would allow God to bury us as He willed in the measures of the world,

and leaven it to a realization of God.

From this deep and personal experience a prayer sprang, our prayer, the prayer of 80 girls at the Grail course, the prayer of all women united together in Christ:

*Thou, O God, hast created the world,
a flour of universal measure,*

*And, as a leaven, Thou hast buried in
it Thy holy Church*

*That man may rise forth, a dough fit
for Thy eternal purposes.*

*Divine Master, strengthen the mem-
bers of Thy Church, so that as a
single united force,*

*They may lift all creation sanctified to
the warmth of Thy majesty.*

*And grant, O God, to woman, as it
was once given to her to guard and
guide Thy incarnate being,*

*That she may quietly, strongly, push-
ing in secret and with fortitude,*

*Bring the dough of this world into the
heat of Thy divine pleasure.*

*As it is the task of woman to shape the
fruits of the harvest into food for
the world's multitudes,*

*So let her shape the fruits of Thy crea-
tion according to Thy plan.*

*Hear the prayer of Thy Church, O
Lord, and come to our assistance
with Thy power, O Master of the
world. Amen.*

Government is always bad. Plato said, "Democracy is the best form of bad government." It is also the best form of good government, but it is always far from being ideal. Government is never good except in spots. It is always bad enough for most people to grumble about it. Good government takes hard work all the time, and few people are willing to pay this price. But the promoters of bad government, because with them it is a business, work at it all the time.

Albert E. Wiggam in the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune* (16 Dec. '44).

The Red Cross

By RICHARD BEATTY

War's new weapon

"The man kept calling to them, but there was no water to give him. The next morning they found him dead, with his mouth full of earth and foam on his lips. Some were only slightly wounded, but so weakened by loss of blood that they died miserably from exhaustion and hunger. Another wounded man left to himself had letters from his family waiting for him at the post office for a week past. In them he would have found a last comfort if they had been brought to him. An old sergeant with several service stripes on his sleeve said to me: 'If I had been looked after sooner, I might have lived, and now by evening, I shall be dead.' And by evening he was dead."

This isn't a page from a Leyte or Aachen war correspondent's diary. It is an excerpt from a book written by a Swiss banker nearly 75 years ago which affects every fighting man today.

Three years before writing it, Henri Dunant, a promising young businessman, had inadvertently witnessed the aftermath of one of the bloodiest battles in history. More than 300,000 Austrians and Franco-Sardinians had fought 15 hours under the hot June sun in Northern Italy. When rain put an end to the carnage, 40,000 lay dead or wounded.

But the battle of Solferino didn't end in the hospitals of Milan with the groans of the dying. It was merely the first phase of a larger battle that would be fought in courts and assemblies of

all civilized nations for many years. In this continuing battle, the ghosts of Solferino were finally laid to rest in two great victories for all belligerents: the Treaties of Geneva, 1864 and 1929. The first stipulated protection and care of the wounded, with neutral status for military hospitals and medical staffs; the second guaranteed protection and hygienic treatment for prisoners of war.

All this, profoundly altering the whole character of warfare, followed in the wake of Dunant's slim book, *Memory of Solferino*. Dunant not only described the unspeakable suffering of battle casualties; he also told of organizing local women into a volunteer nursing corps, of enlisting boys to carry water, of purchasing bandage material, food, drink, drugs, and tobacco, and of working himself as attendant and nurse. Throughout it all his rallying cry was the phrase, *Tutti fratelli* (All are brothers).

This little volume set the basic pattern of American Red Cross war activity today, and was literally the cocoon of the International Red Cross.

There had been a host of heroic individuals who succored the sick and wounded both in battle and in peacetime before Dunant's catalyzing work. There was, for example, the courageous devotion of St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, during the plague of 1576; there were the memorable sacrifices of Sister Marthe, of Be-

sançon, in caring for the wounded of both the armies of the Coalition as well as those of the French army during the years 1813-15; and there was St. Vincent de Paul, who visited the slaves in their galleys, founded the Daughters of Charity, and is patron of the society which today bears his name. There was St. Peter Claver, "saint of the slave trade." And there was the classic picture of Florence Nightingale treading with candlelight through four miles of vast barracks at Scutari, tending the British wounded in the Crimean War.

Still another was St. Camillus de Lellis, born in the Kingdom of Naples, who turned, in 1575, from a dissolute army life to a new life of reparation serving the sick and suffering "both in body and soul." He founded the Order of Servants of the Sick, later known as the Fathers of the Good Death, giving them a black habit on which a red cross was emblazoned. They devoted themselves to victims of the plague, and served the sick and dying in private homes, hospitals, and prisons.

Everywhere the red cross of Camillus came to be recognized as the emblem of charity, even to the shedding of blood, and when Henri Dunant conceived the great Red Cross service in 1863 the emblem chosen was the one hallowed in the army of the Saint of the Red Cross by the sacrifices of 300 years.

But not until the trumpets of Dunant's shocking *Memory* sounded was humanity awakened internationally to rid war of its most gross abuses. From

Solferino, 1859, to Luxembourg, 1945, is a significant measure of mankind's slow evolution toward a respect for the value of individual life. Today's wounded soldier rarely goes unheeded on the battlefield. Bleeding to death is practically an unheard of war incident. Nor do the wounded in this war die from misdirected attention or want of attention, or suffer beyond their physical hurts by losing contact with their loved ones. Not only have they been protected from the gangrene in their wounds, but they have been proofed, partially at least, against the spiritual gangrene of needless worry.

The role of the American Red Cross in this evolutionary development is historical fact. Clara Barton, "mother of Red Cross," led the way, working independently to care for the sick and wounded during the Civil War. Her one-woman lobby was largely responsible for the U. S. joining in 1881 the signatories of the Treaty of Geneva. So effective was her work under the Red Cross during the Spanish-American War that the relief ship *Texas*, commanded by her, was given the honor of leading the fleet up to the devastated quay of Santiago. And later, Red Cross ambulance units in the first World War set the pattern for present-day medical corps.

These were steps toward what is now a global system of reducing hardships of war to a minimum. Following the statement of General George Marshall, U. S. Army chief of staff, shortly after Pearl Harbor, that the "American Red Cross has been designated the

official agency for the welfare and recreation of troops serving overseas," the challenge was quickly met.

From the day Pvt. GI Jones, ASN 11,000,000, puts on the olive drab, through every vicissitude of war including capture, up until the happy day he consigns the uniform to moth balls, he can be sure of at least one thing: there are over 20,000 professional men and women in Red Cross uniforms, plus 6,500,000 volunteers, dedicated to the proposition that his comfort and well-being have top priority until demobilization is complete. Beyond that day, Red Cross is dedicated, as always, to the successful readjustment of the veteran and his family in meeting the problems of his return to civilian life.

At induction centers throughout the country, Red Cross field directors play a prominent part in the orientation program through which every GI must pass. Just as the new recruit feels himself slipping irretrievably onto the belt line of Army and Navy, U. S. A., to lose his identity in the anonymity of a serial number, he discovers someone who readily identifies him as George I. Jones, an individual of peculiar, special concern to his family in Home Town, U. S. A.

He learns that, unlike the men in other wars, he doesn't have to sweat out the bad news from home: that he has at his disposal the greatest communications service in the world. The 3,757 chapters and 5,785 branches of the American Red Cross in the home towns of the nation and the 1,587 do-

mestic Red Cross field directors and their assistants at every Army and Navy station in the country are a constant resource to help him with emergency communication with his family, assist him to solve personal problems, even grant or loan financial assistance in time of need.

It helps to soften the hard lines of regimentation. It is as much a part of effective military life as the pseudo hard-boiled tactics of the first sergeant. The man known as the Red Cross field director, in modified officer's uniform, with easy access to all officer personnel, a man whose word is respected over the entire post, becomes a kind of buffer between the GI and the rough edges of global mechanized war. He is a man who talks GI language, will listen to a story with neither snicker nor sneer, and can keep a confidence. No mollycoddling, of course. If a man is obviously "gold bricking," he will get a hearing, but he cannot expect anything but some rather pointed advice. This is the GI's chief sanctuary at home base. During the past year, more than 4,500,000 servicemen and their families were assisted through the Red Cross in camp and hospitals.

And Private Jones can expect one last domestic gesture from the Red Cross at his point of embarkation. He is given a kit bag containing playing cards, cigarettes, stationery and pencil, candy, shoe laces, waterproof matchbox, razor blades, paperbound book, and a sewing case, items that will find ready use on the trip over.

But the story of Red Cross in the

war doesn't end safely at APO New York or San Francisco. As soon as an outfit is activated in this country, three Red Cross field men are assigned to each unit of division strength. These men submit to the same training as the men they serve. They accompany their assigned combat unit wherever it goes: into one of the overseas staging areas for further training, or direct into battle. On D-Day in the first invasion of the Philippines, for example, more than 55 Red Cross field men hit the beach with the troops. They brought with them 135 tons of supplies, including toilet articles, field stoves, writing paper, the "makings" of doughnuts, coffee, books and magazines. In the history of warfare, these goods constituted a new kind of matériel.

To the armchair general, such things may not appear essential to the prosecution of the war. Their importance can only be measured in a personal test. Put yourself in the shoes of the doughfoot. You have hit the beach at H-Hour. You've got to run fast to make that sheltering rise and dig in before the enemy counters with deadly fire; your pack hinders your progress, so you throw it down or lighten it by discarding all nonessential personal articles. That night, with the perimeter established, after contact with the enemy all day, you've got a minute to individualize yourself again. You reach for a cigarette. Can't find any. You feel the stubble on your chin; you feel sloppy; you fight better when you feel clean. Tomorrow, or the next day, or two or three weeks from now, you'll

take a bath somewhere, in a pool or stream maybe, or in the sea. That would be nice, if you had some soap and a towel.

You walk down to one of the beach-head canteens established by the Red Cross. You've been nourished by your C-rations, but your stomach feels empty. Coffee and doughnuts hit the spot. As he serves you, the field director says, "How goes it?" You tell him you could go for a cigarette and wash-up, but you've lost your pack. The man grins. "No trouble," he says, and hands you a pack of cigarettes. "Tomorrow, we'll unpack the shaving articles, and soap and towels," he adds.

"Whose idea is this, anyway?" you ask. It's just a gift from the folks back home, sent through the American Red Cross, which follows you wherever you go.

Nor does the Red Cross desert Private Jones at the beaches. Wherever the fighting spreads, there follows in its wake a train of services that anticipate the needs of battle-weary men. The amazing panorama of Red Cross services overseas is the delight and pride of every fighting Yank. Nearly 200 clubmobiles, wheeling the inevitable doughnuts and coffee, and the banter of real American girls, onto airstrips, into forward areas, and back to isolated spots. The cinemobiles, 56 in France alone, moving pictures on wheels, bringing the latest talkies into the most unlikely cinema stands in the world right behind the battle lines. The clubs, 727 of them, set up in old mansions, hotels, and native huts, spe-

cializing in American food, bed sheets, and table linen; offering home-town newspapers, jukebox music, and tours of historic spots. Sixty-nine rest homes, located in quiet picturesque places, where the men with battle fatigue may go for relaxation, for a spell of doing what they will, reading, riding, boating, or just plain resting, while they feel their nerves mend. Ranger stations, where American girls are at major railroad stops with coffee and doughnuts for the wounded being moved back. Hospitals, front-line and domestic, where Red Cross girls help the wounded rehabilitate mentally as well as physically, by understanding sympathy and the performance of little services like reading and writing letters and playing games.

It's a far cry from Solferino.

The vital communications service goes on everywhere. When Congress chartered the Red Cross in 1905 "to act as a medium of communications between the people of the U.S. and their Army and Navy," there was little idea of what this commitment would signify in an age of telegraph and radio. Most emergency messages affecting the welfare of servicemen overseas are transmitted via Army Signal Corps radio to the American Red Cross national headquarters at Washington, D.C., and telegraphed from there to the home chapter.

Recently, a youth from Greeley, Colo., stationed somewhere in India, was worried about the condition of a member of his family. He contacted his field director. Three days later, the

message from home was delivered. Elapsed time: 68 hours from the time of first contact. To the servicemen overseas who wait from one to three months for the delivery of a package from home, and from a week to three weeks for the receipt of an air-mail letter, this service, in an emergency, takes on real meaning.

"Extra-curricular" duties performed by a Red Cross field director overseas are numerous. He may assist medical officers or graves-registration officials. He may trace lost or misplaced GI gear. Or like Field Director Al Fontas of Salt Lake City, he may oblige GI's by going out souvenir hunting. When Fontas set out somewhere in Belgium not long ago on a 600-mile round trip, he promised men in his outfit souvenirs from the town they helped conquer. Upon his return, the GI's converged on the souvenir pile with the avidity of women at a fire sale.

Dominant theme of most Red Cross reports from the battle areas is the courage of American fighting men. Some of the most heartening examples of American pluck were recently reported by Marjorie Sefton, chief of the Red Cross Ranger service at the famous Gare St. Lazare in Paris. Writes Mrs. Sefton: "One man was bandaged from the neck to the top of his head. I said to him, 'Well, you look like a snow man.' He replied, 'I'm just gettin' ready for Hallowe'en, mam.' And another, who had lost a leg, asked me to go out dancing with him that evening." Most poignant case was that of a

young boy, bandaged almost completely about the head. Mrs. Sefton had to feed him the doughnuts and help him sip the coffee. She talked to him about home. When, at last she had to leave his stretcher, he said, "Good-by, and you're the swellest looking American girl I've seen overseas." The medical officer reported later the boy was sightless in both eyes.

Red Cross workers themselves are not without their own bravery. Recent recipient of the Silver Star for gallantry in action is Red Cross man Richard Day of St. Louis, who reported the incident modestly.

"It hardly seems worth talking about. There were so many guys doing so many things that day I'm still wondering how what I did was ever noticed. In the circumstances, I don't think I could have done less anyhow. I was going ashore on an assault boat, an LCVP, that carries a score of men. Enemy shore fire was a bit hot, and the coxswain, who had to stand at the wheel in an exposed position in the stern, was hit fatally. When he fell, the boat started to run wild, and I just went up and took over and got the boat to the beach."

Richard Day is only one of many Red Cross men and women who have been decorated for gallantry in action. Some have already lost their lives, a fact which claims no special attention in this day of mounting casualties, except as a reminder that these persons have volunteered to risk life and limb to serve America's fighting men. The majority being ineligible for military

service, have chosen "action" with the Red Cross as the "next best thing."

Since Pearl Harbor there have been more than 1½ million men and women discharged from service at separation centers and general and station hospitals. At this point, Red Cross offers valuable counseling service, informing the dischargée of his benefits under the Veteran's Administration and the GI Bill of Rights.

Red Cross workers are stationed at all discharge points. Charged with the job of assisting with the completion of applications for veterans' compensation, they are in a key position to facilitate the serviceman's return to civilian life. And even more important, they can make these preparations with the knowledge that the Red Cross workers in the home-town chapters will be available to implement these plans with action.

Whether or not the serviceman elects Red Cross as the service organization to represent him in pursuing his claims, routine referral of his case is made to the home chapter so that the Red Cross folks at home will have the necessary background in easing the new adjustment. If his pension claim is still pending after his arrival home, or if his physical condition prompts the filing of a claim subsequent to his discharge, Red Cross can provide financial assistance until the claim is settled or until he and his family have no further need of help. If there appears to be a strong need of mental adjustment on the part of the veteran, he will be assisted by the

home service worker in procuring professional treatment; and the family and community will be prepared to offer acceptance and understanding. Should re-hospitalization be necessary, he will be assisted in the preliminaries.

These are only the basic aspects of the total job. There has been no detailed mention of the part played by Red Cross in providing American and allied prisoners of war with medical supplies, clothing and weekly food packages, or the inspection of prison

camp conditions by representatives of International Red Cross. Nor have the valuable functions of Red Cross social workers in preparing the minds of the wounded to accept their handicap and renew their faith, been dwelt on.

To put it simply, the American Red Cross is "at his side" from the time the American serviceman is inducted until the day as a veteran he is no longer in need. The ghosts of Solferino no longer haunt the battlefields or the hospitals.

No Thanks

Louis XIV used to say, "When I fill a vacancy I make 99 enemies and the remaining one an ingrate."

This is what Will Rogers had in mind when he wrote during the depression: "It's bad to be unemployed. It is worse to be employed as a servant to the public."

Samuel S. Leibowitz had saved 116 criminals from capital punishment, but did not get as much as a Christmas card from a single client he defended!

A Cincinnati boat tender, Freedland Flesher, had pulled 13 persons out of the Ohio river before the 14th, Mrs. Sadie Witcher, expressed her gratitude by giving him a box of cigars.

A Norwegian skipper, Richard Roberts, reported on his diamond wedding anniversary that he had rescued more than 800 persons, but only one of them gave him a *thank you*.

Henry Michael Kemper in the *Southern Messenger* (30 Nov. '44).

Quite a few cures have been proposed for our interracial ills. Perhaps the best solution of all is the one of "keeping the Negro in his place." The Negro's true place must be determined by his dignity as a human being, fashioned by the Creator to the divine image and likeness. If, by "his place" you mean in the mystical Body, then keep the Negro in his place, by all means.

Joseph G. McGroarty in *Stray Notes* (Sept. '44).

Peacetime Conscription

By The Catholic Association for International Peace

Condensed from the Association's *News Letter**

The following document, entitled "Peace and Peacetime Conscription for America," is an official statement issued by the Association's Postwar World Committee.

America's new position in world affairs calls for a reorganization of our traditional defense policy. But universal military service should be a last resort in peacetime.

Conscription is more than a technique for raising an army. It is an institution with its own philosophy and historical connotations. In the words of Cardinal Gasparri during the last war, "For more than a century conscription has been the real cause of a multitude of evils afflicting society." In the past, conscription has followed a common pattern: one, two or even three years of active military service for all able-bodied young men, as a permanent peacetime policy. This is the institution now being proposed for the U. S. defense policy.

Catholic moral theologians have long attacked conscription. They regarded it as an institution ill-adapted for the purpose it claimed to serve, and the cause of never-ending international suspicion and tension, as well as of innumerable internal economic and social evils. In the mind of Leo XIII its very existence was an argument for a world organization: "This armed peace which now prevails, cannot last

much longer. Can this be the normal condition of human society?"

It is possible for an institution to be legitimate in theory yet in actual practice be identified with a multitude of evils which counterbalance the good that it is expected to produce. This is the case with conscription. Catholic moral teaching does not deny the right of the state to force its citizens to undergo military training for the legitimate defense of the country. They can thoroughly subscribe to the statement of George Washington: "It may be laid down as a primary position, and the basis of our system, that every citizen who enjoys the protection of a free government owes not only a portion of his property, but even of his personal services to the defense of it." This statement, nowadays twisted into an argument for conscription, is merely a fundamental principle of well-ordered patriotism.

But however legitimate in theory, conscription has been by the candid testimony of history part and parcel of the war-minded philosophy of power politics that has produced two world wars. As an institution which has proven itself a failure, its abolition should be one of the tasks of a genuine peace settlement. The problem at issue is not the question of national security nor the obligation to defend one's coun-

*1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, 5, D. C. December, 1944.

try. The issue turns on whether conscription, i. e., universal and compulsory service, is the desirable means to fulfill this obligation since other means are available.

Criticism of conscription on moral grounds falls under several headings:

1. Conscription is the symbol of the militarism of the 19th century. Through it modern total warfare came to be possible. As long as it occupied the attention of Europe, through its emphasis on force, all efforts at peace through collaboration were suffocated.

2. Conscription is based on and maintained by exaggerated nationalism. To justify the hardships accompanying its grim program the most extreme ideas of patriotism had to be propagated. Even in Catholic circles, compulsory military service came to be considered a sacred principle of patriotic duty and all discussion of its legitimacy or even of its opportuneness came to be looked upon as almost sacrilegious.

3. Once initiated, conscription has proved a monster whose appetite is never satiated. In many countries this military service rose from 12 months to two years, and even three.

4. Conscription involves an enormous waste of human resources, to say nothing of economic and financial waste. Said Leo XIII in his letter *Praeclara Gratulationis* to all rulers and peoples in 1894: "Inexperienced youths are removed from parental direction and control, to be thrown amid the dangers of the soldier's life; robust young men are taken from agriculture or ennobl-

ing studies or trade or the arts to be put under arms." When this wasteful process is carried on as a long-time policy affecting the whole male population, the consequences are the more grave.

5. The pseudo egalitarianism of the French Revolution goes along with it. This tortured acceptance of democracy makes a fetish of forcing all citizens to serve in the ranks, no matter what their calling or other duties. The time and energy lost to the arts of peace was a heavy tax both on the individual and the state. In many European countries even seminarians were obliged to undergo this training repugnant to their sacred vocation.

The evils of conscription became so clear at the end of the first World War that one of the peace proposals of Pope Benedict XV through Cardinal Gasparri was "the suppression, by common agreement, among civilized nations of compulsory service, and its replacement by voluntary service." Furthermore, the Pope advocated "establishment of a universal boycott against the nation which should seek to set up compulsory military service." This he regarded as "the practical system" and "easily applied, given a little good will."

To date the U. S. has been free from conscription, if by conscription one means universal military training outside of war or the immediate threat of war. To adopt this practice now would be a radical departure from tradition. In deciding this question several facts about our foreign policy and the

world situation should be considered:

1. The central peace task of the U. S. is the cooperation towards an international security organization. When such an organization is effectively functioning the nations can abandon heavy armaments. Secretary Hull in outlining the 17 bases for our foreign policy, on March 21, 1944, said with reference to the sixth point, reduction of arms: "International cooperative action must include eventual adjustment of national armaments in such a manner that the rule of law cannot be successfully challenged, that the burden of armaments may be reduced to a minimum."

2. Before the world we have made pledges with regard to armaments control. The Fourth Freedom, now being circulated on American occupation currency in the war zones, is Freedom from Fear, which means "a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor anywhere." And by the Moscow Declaration we promised to cooperate with other members of the United Nations "to bring about a practicable general agreement with respect to the regulation of armaments in the postwar period."

For centuries the position of Arab women in North Africa was lowly. When traveling, the man always rode the family donkey while the women, carrying the household goods, walked behind. But with the coming of war and the British and American troops, many old customs changed. The man still rode the donkey but the woman was emancipated. She walked in front. There might be land mines.

On the basis of our general peace aims and our specific pledges to seek disarmament, the proposal to introduce conscription into the U. S. is ill-considered, ill-timed and unworthy of the moral leadership which this nation should provide at this time. To be specific: 1. to a world wherein conscription stands for the old theory of war as an instrument of national policy, such a course would do grave damage to international collaboration; 2. by introducing an institution whose ultimate suppression has been pledged, we lay ourselves open to the charge of bad faith; 3. the existence of a huge reserve force is itself a threat to world peace and a temptation to aggression.

Far from making this innovation we should resurrect the plea of Benedict XV and urge "the suppression, by common agreement, among civilized nations of compulsory military service and its replacement by voluntary service." The inadequacy of a volunteer system of reserve recruiting should be obvious before the U. S. consents to bring in the European institution of conscription with all its concomitant evils. But this does not mean opposition to a strong American Army and Navy either for self-defense or for American participation in keeping the peace over the world.

Odyssey of Poland

A Pole, like Poland, partitioned

Condensed from the *Polish Review**

This is the story of a man who was captured twice by the Russians and twice by the Germans. When war broke out on Sept. 1, 1939, Staff Sgt. K. Z. was with the 9th Infantry Regiment in Zamosc near Lublin. After fighting with the remnants of his battalion against the Germans for two weeks, he was relieved of front-line duty and sent to Luck, where his unit was to receive replacements. He was there on Sept. 17, when the Soviet Army invaded Poland. He was taken prisoner by the Reds and deported to the interior of Russia. There he was settled with several thousand other Poles in an internment camp.

After the Sikorski-Molotov Pact of 1941, Sgt. K. Z. regained his freedom and immediately volunteered for the Polish Army then being formed on Russian soil. He happened to be assigned to one of the units that was not sent to Iran, but became part of General Berling's army. The sergeant was sent into the front lines and soon was taken prisoner by the Germans. Since their investigations disclosed that Sgt. K. Z. came from Pomorze, a province in Western Poland illegally incorporated into the German Reich, he was freed in a few weeks and returned home.

Unfortunately, however, he was not long able to enjoy his unexpected free-

dom. Hardly a month later he was forcibly drafted into the German Army and once again assigned to an infantry unit on the eastern front, but this time he was on the opposite side. In the bloody battles near Kursk he was taken prisoner for a second time by the Soviet Army. When Russian officers found that he was a former member of Berling's army, they freed him. He was again sent to Berling's army at the front. Some days later he once more fell into German hands.

Well acquainted with the brutal treatment given Soviet prisoners at the hands of the Germans, he told his examiners he was a German soldier who had been forced into Soviet military service and had purposely allowed himself to be captured.

The Germans believed him, and the unfortunate sergeant again had to don the German uniform and was sent to Normandy. The sergeant, like all Poles forced into the German Army, knew that his government in London had called upon them to escape to the Allies whenever possible. Sgt. K. Z. succeeded several months later in escaping to Allied lines.

At present Sgt. K. Z. is under the protection of the Polish government. He hopes his travels are at an end and that he can remain with Polish troops until the day of victory.

*745 5th Ave., New York City, 22, Dec. 7, 1944.

Communists in China

By PATRICK O'CONNOR

Condensed from the *Far East**

The story of communism in China barely covers 25 years but it is rich in significant object lessons.

For nearly seven years after the Russian revolution, China refused formal recognition to the bolshevist government. There was no Chinese communist party then to act as a pressure group. In 1919 M. Popoff came to Shanghai to look over the ground; next year the organizers arrived. In 1921 the Communist International could boast of a communist party in China. Growth was slow. A year later, at the Comintern congress in Moscow, the Chinese party could report a membership of only 300, and 120 of those had failed to live up to their obligations. While this organization was trying to grow in South China, skilled Soviet diplomats were jockeying for position in Peiping. One of the first was Adolph Abraham Joffe, called an "expert conspirator."

At that time, in Canton, Dr. Sun Yat-sen was striving to launch a republican movement, to oust the northern regime and complete the revolution he had inspired in 1911. He sent his aide, Morris A. Cohen, to seek American officers for his army, and the late Eugene Chen to enlist British aid. Both missions were unsuccessful, and, as a last resort, he turned to Russia. Soviet Russia, which had been defeated in its

westward drive by the Poles in the fierce Battle of the Vistula in 1920, and craved influence in eastern Asia, was quick to see its opportunity.

In January, 1923, Dr. Sun conferred with Joffe in Shanghai, and the two issued this joint statement: "Dr. Sun holds that the communistic order or even the Soviet system cannot actually be introduced into China, because there do not exist here the conditions for successful establishment of either communism or sovietism. This view is entirely shared by Mr. Joffe, who is further of the opinion that China's paramount and most pressing problem is to achieve national unification and attain full national independence, and regarding this task he has assured Dr. Sun that China has the warmest sympathy of the Russian people and can count on the support of Russia."

That year a communist agent named Michael Borodin appeared in Canton, ostensibly working for the Rosta news service. He was to be the architect of communism in China. A native of Russia, he had come to the U. S. in his youth. Living in New York, Boston, and Chicago, he was known as Grusenbergs, also Berg. From Chicago he went to Mexico, then (as Mr. Brown) to Scotland, where he was arrested and deported. Norway and Sweden likewise rejected him. In 1922 he was

*St. Columban's, Perryville, Md. January, 1945.

working in Turkey as an agent of the Comintern. In 1923 he was in Canton, establishing contact with Dr. Sun.

Borodin saw to it that the Soviet support promised by Joffe took the form of arms, Russian military instructors, organizing activity, counsel and infiltration. Members of the communist party were permitted to join Dr. Sun's party, the Kuomintang, as individuals. To study Soviet army methods, Dr. Sun sent his favorite young officer to Moscow, an officer named Chiang Kai-shek.

Dr. Sun died in 1925. In 1926 the Kuomintang troops were ready and, led by Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, they marched north to bring all China under one nationalist government. With them came Borodin and his henchmen. By now the Red was beginning to show. Russian sympathy and support were revealing themselves as a Soviet attempt to control China. Characteristic Red propaganda against religion was piped through the south and central provinces. Class war, essential in the Marxist program, was instigated. If Russia was scene one, China was apparently to be scene two in the tragedy of world revolution.

But the Chinese were unwilling to play their assigned part. They did not want communism. Dr. Sun had expressly ruled it out. The traditions of the people, their family spirit, and their attachment to private property were and are opposed to Marxist collectivism. In the summer of 1927 Gen. Chiang Kai-shek expressed the rising resentment of the populace by driving

the communists out of his party and driving Borodin back to Moscow. Since then the Generalissimo has been hated by all the Reds in the world. If at any time they have cooperated with him, it was because they had no other choice.

The Kuomintang Army was victorious, and the nationalist government was established in Nanking. Kai-shek and his party now shouldered the task of consolidating their regime, organizing administration, building roads and railways, preparing for the final phase of Dr. Sun's revolution. But Borodin had done his work well. A small minority had learned the jargon of class war and antireligious propaganda and the technique of terrorism. In a vast, disturbed country, it was easy for armed Reds to hold sway over large areas.

The struggle to subdue the Red militarists was hard and tedious. Slowly they were driven out of one province after another. At length, in 1935, General Chiang drove them from their last stronghold, in the hills of Kiangsi, and they began their long retreat to the remote Northwest.

In 1937 I went slowly from Canton in the South to Peiping in the North of China and from Hankow to Shanghai by way of Kiangsi and Chekiang. Nowhere did I come across any trace of communism, except ruins, graves, and bitter memories in Hupeh and Kiangsi. The victims of the Reds in those provinces alone were innumerable. During the Red occupation priests had lived as hunted fugitives, churches

were pillaged, and Chinese Catholics were slain, simply because they were Catholics. In Kiangsi the Reds killed Father Timothy Leonard of St. Columban's missions. They took Father Tierney prisoner and held him until he died. In Hupeh they held Father Laffan and Father Linehan prisoners for seven months, Father Sands for nine. They murdered Father Ho, a Chinese priest, native of Bishop Galvin's vicariate.

It has been said recently that "no one really knows much about the Chinese communists." That is not true. Men who have lived in communist camps for months, Chinese-speaking priests who have talked and marched with their Red captors, who have listened to the cries of victims, know a great deal about the communists in China. Many such witnesses are priests of St. Columban's Society.

Whatever popular support the communists received was from those who hoped to benefit by the re-distribution of land. But what those peasants wanted was not communism but property to own. It seems to have happened frequently that once the confiscated land was parceled out, the recipients lost their interest in communism. Indeed, Moscow has admitted that the economic program of communism cannot be attempted in China. A collectivized Chinese farm is something that not even a Marxist can contemplate. Communism in China is largely Red militarism, with Moscow doing the back-seat driving.

When the Sino-Japanese war broke

out in July, 1937, the Chinese government sought to bring all fighting forces into its service. On Sept. 22, 1937, the communist leaders agreed to place their troops under national military authorities, and at the same time they promised: to discontinue the policy of insurrection aimed at the overthrow of the Kuomintang government; to discontinue the policy of land confiscation and communist propaganda; to dissolve the "Soviet government" in the Northwest.

What did they really intend? Writing a year later, a Chinese communist commented that the purposes behind this agreement were: "To abandon the past unworkable way and to find another workable way; to protect the development of secret activities; to abandon the external name temporarily and to gain the essence." By 1941 these purposes were revealed in action. The communist armies acted independently, recruited independently, and refused to obey government orders. Having increased their strength, they withdrew to the Northwest, maintaining their superfascist rebel state in Yen-an and defying Chungking.

In the Yen-an area the communists have no more popular support than they had in Hupeh and Kiangsi 10 or 12 years ago. Their pose as champions of democratic institutions is hypocrisy.

What is the attitude of those Red leaders towards religion? Earlier in the war, when the Red troops were close to the fighting, the late Father Lebbe and his community of native Brothers of St. John the Baptist tried

to befriend them and to care for their sick and wounded. The example of the devoted priest and the Brothers was influencing the rank and file. Result: some 17 Brothers were buried alive and Father Lebbe made captive. He was released only to die.

The mission reports from communist-held Yen'an are eloquent. Not long ago it was a flourishing mission. In 1933 the Franciscans reported 804 converts and a total of 7,079 Catholics. In 1934 they had made 1,267 converts and had 9,515 Catholics. Holy Communions that year numbered 72,000, an increase of some 17,000 over the previous year. But the ominous words "communist troubles" appeared in the same report.

Two years later the report says: "All the priests scattered by communist troubles." In 1939 there was no report. "As a result of communist troubles, this mission must be regarded as non-existing."

The farmer especially should be proud of his materials: he is so close to the sources and so hard against the backgrounds. Moreover, he cannot conceal his materials. He cannot lock up his farm or disguise his crops. He lives on his farm, and visibly with his products. The architect does not live in the houses and temples he builds. The engineer does not live on his bridge. The miner does not live in his mine. Even the sailor has his home away from his ship. But the farmer cannot separate himself from his works. Every bushel of buckwheat and every barrel of apples and every bale of cotton bears his name; the beef that he takes to market, the sheep that he herds on his pastures, the horse that he drives—these are his products and they carry his name. He should have the same pride in these, his productions, as another who builds a machine, or another who writes a book about them.

From the *Holy Earth* by L. H. Bailey, quoted in the *Maritime Co-operator* (1 Dec. '44).

The communists in Yen'an have killed seven priests, banished the others, including the Bishop. They are persecuting the Catholics and they are using the church buildings as Red headquarters.

It is doubtful whether this communist minority wish to reach any genuine agreement with Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's government. They are likely to claim a recognition that would imply abdication by the government or a partnership that would permit them to weave the familiar Red pattern of unrest, protest, obstruction, and finally domination.

From all purely political controversies the Catholic missionary stands aloof. But communism is far from being merely political. In theory and practice it is militant atheism functioning as a repressive dictatorship. No Christian can be unconcerned, as communist leaders play for position in China and the entire Far East.

We Ought To Be in Pictures

By BASIL DOYLE, C.S.P.

Condensed from the *Missionary**

The Church has always had a flair for the dramatic. The Mass is one example; the ritual of the sacraments, another: all in recognition of the fact that man is body as well as soul. In the same spirit she has fostered painting, sculpture, and music, and put them to the uses of worship. The Middle Ages were notable for the Church's encouragement of the Miracle and Mystery plays, as instruction and inspiration. They were the one expression of drama for hundreds of years, presenting to the eye and ear of the masses lessons from the Old and New Testaments and lives of the blessed Virgin and saints.

Those plays were but the development and expansion of the Church's liturgy, and had their basic origin in the sanctuary. The whole idea goes back to Christ, who scarcely ever taught without presenting a word picture. The modern drama was born of this medieval Catholic theater and is, therefore, our heritage. It has strayed far from home, and picked up much dust.

Today the tremendous opportunities for use of the drama in the service of religion are being missed. I mean the motion picture. Yet there is only one film, to the best of my knowledge, that has a Catholic theme, ranks high for artistry, and is at the same time

available, at a reasonable rental, for Catholic purposes. It is *The King of Kings*, the story of Christ, and follows the New Testament quite faithfully. But it is a "silent," and, therefore, out of date. Then, as a product of Hollywood, it is designed primarily for entertainment. It is neutral in doctrine: diligent care is taken that no one is offended, as truth can offend. *The Song of Bernadette* is another beautiful and inspiring picture. Again we are indebted to Hollywood. It could be used to distinct advantage in missionary enterprises, but try to get it!

What we need are our own pictures, talent, directors, and all that goes to make up a production unit. The big obstacle to any such enterprise would seem to be Hollywood. How can we hope to compete with resources that can command nearly all the talent in the world with the wave of a check-book?

Yet we compete with the power of money in other fields. Education is one example; even though one non-Catholic university alone, Harvard, has a larger endowment than the total for all the Catholic colleges in this country. Our Catholic hospitals, with their limited funds, are the envy of state and other private institutions. Of course, those things are not done with mirrors. Such achievements are made possible

*411 W. 59th St., New York City, 19. December, 1944.

only by the devoted zeal of a great army of priests, Brothers and, especially, nuns, who give their talents and genius not for money but for the love of God.

But do these particular vocational channels close the book? Seven-year-old Margaret O'Brien is the wonder child of the silver screen. She stops your breath and steals your heart. Margaret says she is going to enter a convent when she grows up. Suppose that desire persists. Suppose she also wants to continue the career that holds such high promise for her. She will be torn between the two desires: nun or actress? Nun *and* actress? A Sister of Dramatics? I rather like the sound of that last. Why could not one who is endowed with dramatic ability dedicate such talents to the creative life of the soul, and through the medium of the screen, give out beauty, truth and goodness, purely for the love of God? Is not that precisely what the teaching communities are doing, only through another medium? And the missionaries?

One lone person, however, could not hope to be successful. There would be need of many other like-minded persons. Perhaps a new Religious Order is required. Such a one would be very modern indeed. But every Order is modern at the time of its foundation. The Knights Templar must have been a startling innovation in the early 12th century. It was an Order of soldiers whose object was to wield arms in protection of the holy places in Jerusalem, in the Cistercians' habit and living their strict rule of life.

However, the foundation of the military Orders was simple to the extent that the profession of arms was, in those days, confined to men; and the various Orders of today are engaged in works that can be performed by either men or women alone. The dramatic profession is unique. It demands collaboration of men and women in an even closer association than that of doctors and nurses. So I shall not found a Religious Order. In fact, I do not intend to found anything; but I should like to start something that would give us some really good movies.

Perhaps we should look back a few centuries to the confraternities that produced and acted the Mystery and Miracle plays. If those are too ancient, there is Oberammergau, a village in Bavaria, that is under vow to produce the Passion Play every ten years, and has been carrying on for more than three centuries. I know we have Catholic dramatic societies, but their appeal is local and limited. Besides, they do not make pictures, and our need is for pictures.

The Legion of Decency performs a distinct service, but in a negative way. It has forced Hollywood to observe a certain minimum standard of decency. And Hollywood has been content to let it rest there. Artistic production both as to theme and performance is only the seventh wave of the cinema tide. Between times they have to keep their plants operating and supply the world theater chains with two feature pictures a week to satisfy the tremendous appetite of the vast moviegoing

public. The public taste is not too discriminating, which is all to the good for the producers. The fillers pay the overhead, the customers are kept in tow, and the profit from the rare smash hit is velvet.

The company I envision would not confine itself to strictly religious pictures. It would claim a rich inheritance of beauty and truth from the literature and history of the ages. It would make pictures through which would run, unobtrusively, the Catholic philosophy of life. Such pictures would make their own way, as witness *The Song of Bernadette*. The profits from them would go into making the more instructional films for parish halls and schools, and missions, at home and abroad. Such competition would, perhaps, win applause from Hollywood itself for its recognition of its own considerable spiritual capacity, as evidenced in recent productions like *Till We Meet Again* and *A Guy Named Joe*.

The workers would be content with a modest competence; in the spirit of poverty, the profit motive having been replaced by the motive of God's love and the spirit of dedication. To support such idealism there would have to be a rule of life. For they would be seeking first the kingdom of God and His justice. Only then would be added all the other things that would make for success.

Where is all this to begin? Perhaps in Hollywood, despite its reputation for nonspirituality. Hollywood's chief misfortune, besides having too much money, is that while it entertains the

world it has never learned to entertain itself. But there are many good persons there, with ideals, who are impatient with its shallowness, and who also have money. I would lay this baby gently on their doorstep with a prayer of pure faith. For every once in a while we read of some star going out on his own and organizing a production company. Now there is a good number of Catholic stars and starlets in the world of music and drama, besides writers, technicians, designers, etc. Why could not a group of them get together and start out on these new lines? It might be the road to the really full life they are craving.

There are moments when this whole idea appears utterly fantastic (to me as well as you). Then I recall our Motor Missions in the South, when we showed as many as 600 non-Catholics *The King of Kings*, the same film we showed them last year, and probably will be offering them again next year. It is the only good motion picture many of them have ever seen.

The Catholic religion, with its true philosophy of life, is not yet reaching the great unchurched multitudes. The mass mind is not a Catholic mind, though it embraces the minds of many Catholics. It is being overwhelmed by materialism and other false ideals, largely through the motion picture. We could make a real impression on this mass mind, perhaps capture it, if we but marshaled our forces and made use of all the resources the good God has put within our reach. We ought to be in pictures.

Principles of U.S. Politics

By CLARENCE MANION

Condensed from the *Catholic School Journal**

Tainted goods

Throughout the first century of our national life we adhered to the political philosophy that had made us "the last best hope of earth." A good sample of such evidence is the following language from a decision rendered by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1876: "The very highest duty of the States when they entered the Union under the Constitution was to protect all persons within their boundaries in the enjoyment of those unalienable rights with which they were endowed by their Creator."

This is a plain sentence but it effectively digests the great revelation of American political science. In its official version in the American Declaration of Independence, that revelation is stated as follows: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers

in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Here is the world's most concise expression of its greatest and most comprehensive truth. It is the definite orientation of man in his eternal relationship to his God, his government, and his fellow man. Here is the specific for liberty, order, and peace as distilled from "the laws of nature and of nature's God." There is no conceivable private nor public injustice that is not a departure from these principles; no tyranny, however petty, that does not violate their simple unequivocal directions. There is no other effective prescription for the ills of human society. Our history in particular and the history of the world in general clearly show that we must respect the "self-evident truth" or be ruined periodically in a mad, materialistic stampede.

These principles of the Declaration of Independence constitute the very optimum of political science. Their analysis and implementation through the forms, methods, and measures of government should constitute the whole of a true, rounded education in American politics. Yet, how many of us learned or taught the subject in this manner? The ringing, self-evident truths which Jefferson called the "common sense" of the "American mind"

*540 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. October, 1944.

were struck from the agenda of American education long before most of us were born. They were deliberately sabotaged by an educational cabal that had determined to secularize American life—root, stem, and branch. This new order of realistic pragmatism required that the Declaration of Independence be purged from the American consciousness. The reason is obvious. The "new order" was "realist," "experimentalist," and skeptical in nature and object. Since its purpose was to put a question mark behind every conclusion, its first task was to destroy the foundation of faith upon which all American education had been constructed in the prerevolutionary 18th century. The reformers found both logical and psychological obstructions in the Declaration of Independence. The logical obstacles arose out of the fact that the phraseology of the Declaration constituted a profound and stirring act of faith in God; in His creation; in the equality of all men in the sight of God; in liberty, as the inalienable concomitant of our eternal duty and responsibility to God; in the subordination of all things, and of civil government in particular, to God's creative purpose. Furthermore, the Declaration asserted that this theological faith was the very breath of our new political life, the heart and soul of our entire constitutional system.

All of this faith the pragmatists had determined to destroy. Their scrupulously secularized and thoroughly "scientific" plan for the new social order put the destinies of human nature into

the experimental laboratories. From there they were to be transferred to governmental administrators with the power to act. To the new experimentalists, the only thing more abhorrent than the possibility of "self-evident truth" was the lingering concept of an "unalienable right." They knew that as long as such "archaic medievalisms" were generally believed and understood, it would be quite impossible to establish what they regarded as a truly progressive and scientific "democracy." Nevertheless, the psychological obstructions inherent in the Declaration seriously complicated any attack upon it. These were found in the powerful emotions that the great document stirred in the breasts of all Americans. It was the symbol of the successful Revolution, of our national independence, and of our individual liberty. Had the reformers hit the Declaration head on, they would have aroused the wrath of every community from one end of the country to the other, and the "new order of enlightened materialism" would have died a-borning.

So the leaders of the new political and educational order decided to treat the Declaration of Independence as if it did not exist. Its "juvenile and pious absolutes" were carefully edited out of the new and "best" teaching materials. God-given rights became simply the "Bill of Rights." Official documentation began with the year 1787 and the constitution of the U.S. For all philosophical purposes, the first decade of U.S. history was quietly repealed. As a part of this process, the Declaration

of Independence was pushed into the dusty volume of "source materials," where it took its place by the side of the Mayflower Compact and the Albany Plan of Union.

In the meantime, we have been carefully led away from the faithful and truly religious spirit of our institutions into an almost complete reconciliation with the "all-powerful" government theory from which we revolted in 1776. For the clear, workable definition of freedom which we deliberately coined at the birth of our nation, we have been induced to substitute a now quite meaningless concept called "democracy." The doctrine of separation of Church from state, which is normally sound and traditionally American, has been perverted into the false and un-American notion that all government must be completely secular and materialistic. From its place in the core and heart of our political science, religion has been shunted into an obscure corner called "freedom of worship."

The Constitution, devoid of its spirit, has become a confusing dead letter. It appears to inhibit or prevent the ac-

complishment of obviously necessary reforms. Our own misguided generation is bewildered by the legalistic snarls in which all American government seems continually to be involved. In sheer desperation we multiply "freedoms," proclaim "charters," and demand that existing and prospective political orders of the world cease racial persecution and respect the "right to worship." Our unity against Hitler does not prevent a hundred divisions upon other and only slightly less important problems. We are surfeited with "plans" but no one comes forward with a positive program of tested principles.

These disturbances are the graduation exercises of materialistic education. The godless, faithless falsification of our own priceless political science is now offering us a diploma upon which only question marks are written. But it is more than a diploma. It is a judgment, upon teachers in schools, both secular and Catholic, and upon their gullible students, who allowed a determined little band of atheists to sell them a "bill of goods."

Humpty Dumpty

This rhyme is found in many countries. The Phoenicians, Egyptians, Hindus, Japanese, and many other nations held that the world was laid as an egg by some gigantic bird; while, according to a Finnish legend, the egg broke, the yolk becoming the sun, the white the moon, and the bits of shell the stars. The impossibility of putting it together again, which is found in many forms of this rhyme throughout Europe, is no doubt a relic of this idea.

The Cross (Oct. '44).

Don Bosco, Journalist

By LAWRENCE VOISIN, S.J.

Pamphlet for pamphlet

Condensed from *Mother of Perpetual Help**

Most biographies of Don Bosco say little about his writings. They give in detail his many activities: building of churches; establishment of schools and advancement of education; work for youth, the poor and workers; founding of the Salesian Order.

Yet Don Bosco, busy though he was, managed to find time to write about 100 volumes in his own name, many others anonymously. It is an incredible number, especially when we realize most of them were written within 15 years, 1845 to 1860, and all under pressure. They seemed but incidental to his many enterprises. He could usually find no time for literary activities except at night, after a day of preaching, hearing confessions, catechizing, teaching, collecting money, planning, building.

Only urgent necessity and a knowledge of the immense force of the Catholic press could have driven him to exert himself beyond his strength, for he was already doing the work of several ordinary men. Towards the middle of the nineteenth century the Masons and others, especially the Waldensians, were doing their utmost to corrupt the people of Piedmont in northern Italy. They poured out a flood of pamphlets and books, viciously attacking God, religion and the Church. They advocated marriage for the clergy, closing

of convents, and destruction of statues. Catholic practices were sneered at, ridiculed with clever subtlety and bitter sarcasm. Devotion to our Lady was a special object of their venom. Purgatory was denied. Sacraments were limited to two, Baptism and Holy Eucharist, and even those, they claimed, were not necessary to salvation.

The heretics distributed their pamphlets free. They gave them to children on streets and in schools, delivered them from door to door, passed them out to workers in their shops.

St. John Bosco was keenly alive to the gravity of the situation. The attacks must be met. The people must be instructed in the truth, trained to answer enemies of the Church. A few hundred came to his evening classes, a few hundred more attended the Oratory, and a few thousand were able to hear his sermons. But what of the many thousands he could not reach? There was only one solution: for every pamphlet of the heretics he must publish a counterpamphlet; and for every book, a book in reply.

He was admirably equipped for the difficult task. From his earliest years he had tried to train every faculty to its fullest perfection. His ready wit, keen mind, shrewd judgment, dynamic energy all stood him in good stead. His insatiable appetite for study had made

*1555 Basin St., Montreal, 3, P. Q., Canada. October, 1944.

him familiar with a great variety of literature, classic and modern. His retentive memory was invaluable in writing biographies and histories.

There was at first an almost insurmountable obstacle. He had read so much of the best literature, had studied so thoroughly the composition of flowery rhetoric, could handle rhyme with such ease, that it was a discouraging task to write in the simple style that would make his writings appeal to the uneducated. But resolutely he trained himself, ruthlessly expunged. He made his sentences short, descriptions brief, arguments clear-cut and to the point. He wrote a crisp, entertaining, journalistic style, sacrificing his ability for composing belles-lettres to fulfill the needs of the moment. He was as practical and far-seeing in this as he was in everything else.

His desire to be easily understood became almost a mania with him. Entire chapters were written and rewritten until the sentences flowed smoothly and logically, and their meaning became unmistakably clear. When he wrote his *History of the Church* he asked his mother, who had had hardly any education, to criticize it. Then he faithfully revised the manuscript according to her suggestions.

His writings were interesting from their opening sentences, designed to catch the interest of the most casual reader. He would draw on his tremendous stock of anecdotes to enliven a passage, and embellish his works with dialogue and examples. He carefully studied the publications of his rivals,

not only for the purpose of answering their errors but also with a view to improving his own manner of presentation.

Few writers are as versatile as was Don Bosco. Even when the heretics issued an almanac, he produced a better one, packed it with jokes, recipes, household hints and other miscellaneous information, then added religious yet entertaining stories. In that brief span of 15 years he wrote histories, biographies, novels and plays, ascetic books, controversial pamphlets, and school texts. He published anthologies that were so well received they were prescribed for the public schools, and ran through many editions.

Since most of his work was among youth, it is not surprising that his best and most charming books should have been written for them. His plays, biographies, novels, and spiritual books for the young have given him the distinction of being Italy's outstanding author of Catholic juvenile literature.

His histories comprised a Bible history, 20 volumes of Church history, and a *History of Italy*. The latter was a 500-page volume, so authoritative and perfect in its careful selection of facts and their presentation that competent judges acclaimed it a masterpiece. Don Bosco wrote in the preface: "I can assure the reader that I have not written a single phrase without comparing it with accredited authors." It is the only time he gives us an insight into the painstaking research and monotonous drudgery that much of his work must have demanded.

A copy of the *History of Italy* was shown to the Minister of Education, who was so impressed by it that he adopted it for the schools and sent a prize of 1,000 francs to the author. The Protestants objected to several passages, however, and Don Bosco was asked to modify them. He stanchly refused, stating that truth cannot be modified. So the book was barred.

Don Bosco, perhaps more than anyone of his day, was acutely conscious of the tremendous power of the Catholic press. He set up presses to publish his own writings and those of mem-

bers of his Order, as well as other useful publications. His workshops soon became models of efficiency, noted for the perfection of their work. However, it is not as a publisher that he is remembered today, but as a writer who set the style for the controversial and apologetical writings of his day and ours. He broke away from the somewhat ponderous style of St. Francis de Sales and other earlier spiritual writers to meet the enemies of the Church on their own ground. He realized that writing to be most practical must fill the needs of the time.

Behindsight

I am neither a Catholic nor an advocate for the censorship of motion pictures, but I doff my bonnet to the Legion of Decency and give it credit for a good job well done.

At the time the Legion of Decency was organized, Hollywood producers were vying with one another to make the most sex-sational movies.

The Legion of Decency, with millions of members, nipped the movie sex cycle by the sure-fire method of making such pictures unprofitable. By doing so, it forced studios which were relying upon sensationalism to concentrate on honest quality. Movie standards promptly began to rise and they've been going up ever since.

Also noteworthy is the fact that the Legion of Decency has never been accused, even by the producers whose financial toes it stepped upon, of using its enormous power unfairly. It has never censored a cinema that didn't deserve censorship. All in all, both the public and the motion-picture industry have benefited.

Jimmy Fidler quoted in the Davenport, Iowa, *Messenger* (7 Dec. '44).

The Voice of Argentina

By T. FLYNN

Consistency, thou jewel!

Condensed from a letter to *The Sign**

Seeing you have treated the question of Argentina very fairly and wisely, I request a little space to convey what Argentina has to say in defense of her attitude, an attitude that has provoked friction between her and Washington and severe criticism in a section of the American press.

I will let the fair *Señorita* speak for herself, as I hear her through her press and responsible spokesmen:

I really do not know what *Tio* (Uncle) Sam wants me to do next. I have faithfully complied with all my promised, signed agreements; my international conduct is irreproachable, and not a single, concrete case against me can be cited or substantiated. If *Tio* finds himself in difficulties and seriously involved in this war, I am in no way to blame. Had *Tio* consulted me in time, half a century or more ago, I'd have given him advice such as would have averted the mess and plight he finds himself in today when the youth of his country is being sacrificed for ideals, noble and lofty, it is true, but of very doubtful realization in view of forces of greed and craftiness.

Not satisfied to mind his own business and his own, wonderful, rich country, he sallied forth, disregarding the wise injunction of Washington, and got entangled abroad. It was *Tio* who invited and obliged Japan to join west-

ern civilization, open up her country to trade, etc. How good a pupil she eventually became was shown to his unpleasant amazement at Pearl Harbor.

It is now ancient history what *Tio* did to Mexico, Colombia, Nicaragua, etc. At Versailles in 1918 he sanctioned a peace treaty that was to brood a Hitler and provoke eventually the worst war in history. *Tio* refuses to recognize my government, saying it is pro-nazi and totalitarian, but nevertheless he has as a bedfellow and ally the head of the greatest fascist totalitarian system that has ever disgraced and outraged humanity, Joseph Stalin! Why doesn't *Tio* shake his big stick at Joe and tell him to break off relations with Japan, hold free elections, etc., as he bids us poor weak South American countries?

Together with John Bull, *Tio* promulgated the Atlantic Charter, a splendid, lofty, welcome document. But it is already, apparently, relegated to oblivion. When promulgated, German propagandists dubbed it a huge joke. From treatment meted out to me by *Tio* and his press it would appear they were right. He and his press, lacking genuine, concrete evidence, go so far as to accuse me of potential misdeeds, such as having occupied an island belonging to Uruguay, wanting to annex,

*Union City, N. J. January, 1945.

Bolivia, etc. The grossest of calumnies! The whole world is perfectly aware of my traditional well-behaved and lofty, peace-loving international conduct. When I did have friction years ago with a sister state I ceded claims in accordance with humanitarian, Christian ideals and precepts. Chile and myself gave the world an admirable example, which unfortunately it did not follow, by solemnly sealing an enduring peace by the erection on Andean heights of a statue to Christ, the Prince of Peace. Yet, *Tio* sends Protestant missionaries, well paid and equipped, to convert me to Christianity!

Notwithstanding all his foibles I am really fond of old *Tio*, and most anxious to please and cooperate with him in so far as I can, but I sternly object and refuse to allow him to dictate what I do in my own house. I know he is powerful, rich, of amazing energy and inventiveness, and that possibly he'd run my country better, more efficiently, more prosperously than I can; but all the same I prefer to be badly governed, if it comes to that, by my own, than efficiently by *Tio* Sam or any foreigner. Get me?

Tio wishes me and my sister republics to line up and be one with him because, he says, America was treacherously attacked, that he is fighting for us, against voracious tyrants, for the safety of small nations, for democracy, etc., that hence we are in duty bound to give him full support and aid. O. K. That's what I am doing to the best of my ability, to the limits deemed prudent and with due safety to my birthright. Since he is fighting with all his might for us, for democracy, for lofty, noble, disinterested ideals, why doesn't he admit us to the inner circle, why doesn't he consult his sister republics on the coming peace and postwar problems? Does he deem us beneath contempt, unfit to help?

Thus far *Señorita* Argentina. May I, as an Irishman long resident in Argentina and a staunch friend and admirer of the U. S. A., add a word of advice to Washington and the American press? Gentlemen: More tact, more care, more diplomacy in dealing with this people. It is a lovable, tractable people, peace-loving, liberty-loving, loyal, but it won't allow itself to be driven. Gently led, yes.

Unperturbed

The old Frenchman was sitting on a chair in the middle of the invasion road. Canadians advancing against the nazis asked what was the matter. He pointed beneath his chair to a nazi mine, directed traffic to detour, asked for a pipeful of tobacco, and kept right on sitting.

M. F. Everett in the *Denver Register* (17 Dec. '44).

Love Crucified

By ISIDORE O'BRIEN, O.F.M.

Condensed chapter of a book*

The Pentecost chapter of the Franciscans met in 1224 on June 11. When it had closed Francis remained at the Portiuncula a few weeks before setting out for La Verna, the mountain retreat on the border of Tuscany which Duke Roland of Chiusi had set aside for him 11 years earlier. On this journey he took with him six of his oldest friends: Leo, Angelo, Masseo, Rufin, Sylvester, and Illuminatus. It was his custom to prepare himself for the great feast of St. Michael on Sept. 29 by observing 40 days of strict fast, which he purposed to keep this year at the hermitage on La Verna, an ideal place for prayer and penance.

This mountain, the Franciscan Thabor-Calvary, is the very symbol of solitude. It rises from the valleys of the Arno and Tiber in long slopes and sheer cliffs of limestone to a height of more than 4,000 feet. Pine and beech trees cover the summit. Halfway up, great rock-shoulders bulge out white and barren to support a towering formation called the Precipice, which is cleft in two by a fissure said to have been opened when the earth quaked at Christ's death, a legend that particularly endeared it to Francis. It was on the outer or cliff side of this elevated rock that he decided to observe the fast of St. Michael. A crude bridge spanned

the chasm which separates it from the crest, but all save Leo were forbidden to approach it, and he might do so only twice a day on condition that he called to Francis from afar and received permission to cross.

In addition to being virtually inaccessible, La Verna is a long journey on foot from Assisi. Francis had grown weak from gastric ailments, which were now most severe and almost continuous. When he and his companions arrived at the foot of the precipice, he felt so faint that, of necessity, he sat down to rest awhile in the inviting shade of an oak, to recover strength for the ascent. At once a flock of birds came out from the woods and alighted chirping and warbling and trilling all around him, some of them hopping upon his knees, arms and shoulders in eager, possessive welcomings and not-to-be-gain-said invitations. Francis took their attitude to be an assurance from Christ that his coming to La Verna was pleasing to Him. The incident is charmingly told in the *Little Flowers*:

"And when they drew near to the rock of Alvernia, it pleased St. Francis to rest awhile under an oak, which grew by the way, and is still to be seen there, and from thence he began to consider the position of the place and the country. And while he was thus

*Mirror of Christ: Francis of Assisi. 1944. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.

considering, behold there came a great multitude of birds from divers regions which, by singing and clapping their wings, testified great joy and gladness, and surrounded St. Francis in such wise that some perched upon his shoulders, some on his arms, some on his bosom, and others at his feet, which when his companions and the peasant saw, they marveled greatly; but St. Francis, being joyful at heart, said to them: 'I do believe, dearest brethren, that our Lord Jesus Christ is pleased that we should dwell on this solitary mount inasmuch as our little brothers and sisters, the birds, show such joy at our coming.' And having said these words, he arose and proceeded to the place which had been fixed upon by his companions."

A chapel today marks the spot, the Chapel of the Birds.

Francis remained on the separated part of the precipice from the start; the brethren lodged in the hermitage on the mountain proper. As the period of the fast progressed, Leo, faithful to duty, went each day at noon and midnight to the edge of the chasm and called to Francis, asking if he wished him to approach. At noon he brought a little bread and water, but at midnight he came only to say the Divine Office with him. Sometimes Francis heard him and answered and sometimes he did not, for he was being sorely tried by buffetings from demons and by temptations to despair. This was not the same kind of trial as that which he had undergone for two years regarding the preservation of his ideals

in the Order. That ordeal had arisen within his own soul, but this trial was more from without, as if Satan would literally beat him and stifle him to death by force. Though he knew it not, he was being molded into readiness for receiving the stamp of the crucifixion.

Francis' plaint against these strong demoniacal assaults is deeply moving; it is that of a mortal man fighting principalities and powers and kingdoms of utter evil. "If," he said to Leo, "the brethren knew how many and how grievous are the anguishes and afflictions which the devils work upon me, there is not one of them but would be moved with pity and tenderness toward me."

At times his anguish was so poignant that he cried aloud to heaven for solace. On one such occasion heaven answered his plea by letting an angel come and waken a strain of music of unearthly beauty among the rocks. Another time he experienced a vision which revealed the future of his Order; that it would endure to the end of time; that no one who maliciously persecuted it would thrive; that no evil member would be allowed to remain in it; and that even the greatest sinner, if he loved it from his heart, would find final mercy.

As we have said, Leo's call was not always answered; and after Francis had described the infernal assaults, Leo's heart was filled with fear. One night when he received no reply to his repeated signal, his loving concern led him into disobeying the firm com-

mand not to cross the chasm without permission. In nameless dread he hurried over the bridge and approached the wattle hut in which Francis slept. It was empty. He next sought the wooded spot on the brink of the precipice, afraid lest he should find Francis lying there wounded by the demons, or worse still, be forced to search for his broken body on the rocks far below.

Francis was kneeling in prayer with hands lifted to heaven. Leo felt he ought to leave, but he could not. The figure before him held him spellbound. A flame appeared to rest on Francis' head, and Francis was praying aloud, repeating over and over: "Who art Thou, my most sweet God? Who am I, a most vile worm and Thy useless servant?" Three times Leo saw him extend his hand toward the flame, which remained in the same position for some time, then disappeared heavenward.

At last Leo forced himself to move, but much to his dismay, as he did so Francis' eye was attracted to him. Francis called him back and rebuked him for his disobedience, but love so tempered the correction that Leo was raised in spirits rather than cast down. He was even emboldened to ask the meaning of what he had seen and heard. Francis explained. Christ, he said, had asked him for three gifts, and his own prayer had been a protest of embarrassment that our Lord should deign to sue for gifts from one so vile. Then Christ told him to place his hand on his heart three times, and comply-

ing, he found there each time a nugget of gold which he raised in offering to Him. Thereupon Christ told him that these nuggets represented the virtues of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

Francis asked Leo to get the book of the Gospels, open it three times and read aloud each time whatever text he should come upon. Leo did so, and in every instance the words were from the passion of Christ. This was for Francis a final confirmation. Now he knew with utter clarity what his vocation was. He must become, insofar as a human being can, the exact image of Christ crucified. As once he had espoused poverty in order to feel its every pinch and humiliation, so now he must commit himself to suffering, and, within the limits of his nature, reenact the passion of Christ in every throb and stab and pang. At the beginning of his Religious life he had in imagination often taken Christ's place on the cross in order to realize as fully as possible the pain of the nails and the thorns. Now, toward the end of his life, Christ was preparing for him a stupendous role in which he would actually feel in his flesh the burning agony of the five wounds.

A few days later, at dawn, Francis was again on the precipice. From outer space a Form winged toward him with the speed of lightning. At its approach a tremor of ecstatic awe electrified his whole being. It was as if his very flesh had been stripped away and his naked spirit stood face to face with God. The Form came to rest on a ledge of rock above him; and Francis saw, more

with his inner gaze than with his bodily eyes, that it was in appearance a seraph crucified. It had six wings, two lifted upward sharp and straight, two still outstretched as if in flight, and two closely encasing its body.

Gazing at its face, Francis felt all the love of his deep, pure, ardent nature swell in his heart till it seemed that it must burst in a very agony of love and joy and unutterable pain; for the face was beautiful with the beauty seen only in the angelic circles of heaven, yet drawn with such suffering as only the tortures of earth could inflict. And as Francis beheld the vision, the immolating ecstasy of the creature in the presence of its Creator stabbed through his hands and feet and side.

At last the Form departed, as silently and swiftly as it had come. Then Francis looked down at his hands and feet; the red wounds of the Crucified gaped in them; stiffened flesh like bent black nails protruded from them. He felt his side; his hand came away covered with blood. In that moment he understood that in a finite manner Love had sentenced him to the cross as in an infinite manner it had sentenced Christ; that henceforward he would be fastened to it, spiritually and also in a real sense bodily, and would experience the kind, if not the full degree, of suffering his Saviour had endured. Rapture ineffably keen and sweet pierced his soul as he gazed upon the red pledge, in hands and feet and side, of such a union with Jesus.

Since Francis was alone when he received the stigmata, he was troubled

as to whether he should make it known to the brethren. On the one hand, his humility made him shrink from revealing that he had received so stupendous a mark of favor from God; on the other, he reflected that perhaps God willed others to know of it. In perplexity he called the brethren together, and veiling his wounds from their sight by his habit, proposed the problem as a general question: was a person justified in keeping secret a great favor that God had bestowed on him? "Know, Brother Francis," answered Brother Illuminatus, "that not for thyself alone, but for others, doth God reveal to thee His secrets, and therefore thou hast cause for fear lest thou be worthy of censure if thou conceal that which, for the good of others, has been made known to thee."

Francis then acquainted the brethren, though briefly, with the wondrous thing that Christ had wrought in him. To Leo only, who was his confessor, did he confide the facts in intimate detail. He requested Rufin to wash and consecrate the stone on which the seraph had stood. It is now protected by a grille, and has these words inscribed on it: *Hic signasti, Domine, servum tuum Franciscum* (Here, Lord, Thou didst mark Thy servant Francis).

Francis remained amid the crags of La Verna till the beginning of October; then he set out for the Portiuncula with Leo. Reaching a turn in the road, they stopped, and Francis took a last look at the mountain and blessed it. "Adieu, mountain of God," he said, "Adieu, sacred mountain, mountain

on which it hath pleased God to dwell. Adieu, Monte Verna, may God bless thee, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Abide in peace, we shall never see one another more."

Since the nail-like protuberances of hard flesh in the center of the wounds in his feet made walking almost impossible, Francis was forced to ride a donkey on the homeward journey. As Leo and he and the peasant who

owned the animal passed along the road and through the towns and villages, Borgo San Sepolcro, Monte Casale, Città di Castello, the populace knelt by the roadside and on the streets in homage to the man signed with the five wounds of the God-Man. But he was oblivious to their veneration. He thought only of that face of infinite beauty yet infinite pain on which he had gazed on La Verna.

Missing in Action

I didn't know who he was and I probably never will. When his body was searched for belongings we found no dog tags, no papers; nothing except a crucifix and a Sacred Heart medal. I wondered about him. I'll never know if he was a good soldier. I'll never know what his thoughts were as he faced the enemy and knew that the odds were against him. I'll never know what prayers he uttered as life's blood silently, swiftly departed his body.

It happened on a jungle trail in New Guinea. He evidently was surprised by the enemy along with some fellow soldiers as they walked down the trail. He probably didn't believe his eyes when he saw the enemy warriors ahead of him. Surely, this couldn't be true. They couldn't be this far advanced! And yet, there they were, an officer apparently shouting orders to his men, a sudden scream, the sight of blood, terrific pain, more bullets, more pain, a plea to God for mercy, and peaceful oblivion.

Because of the lack of identification, because war took this soldier's life on a remote jungle trail, his family will probably receive a missing-in-action message from whatever department takes care of those things. There will doubtless be much worry until at long last they give him up for dead. They will probably like to know the circumstances surrounding his death, but they never will. Undoubtedly he will be proclaimed a hero by his loved ones, a final, noble tribute to a soldier.

These things I pondered over as I walked back down the trail. You see, the soldier was a Japanese, and someone in my platoon killed him.

Lieut. Bill Johnson in *Columbus* (Dec. '44).

Medieval Unions

By ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

Old but not old-fashioned

Condensed chapter of a book*

In the 13th century the first concrete form of a newly aroused sense of power in the people was the civic commune. But it had little to do with the communism we know now. It was not the all-out-against-capitalism communism of the Karl Marx phase or that which in 1871 burned Marie Antoinette's Tuileries, the Archbishop's Palace alongside Notre Dame, and set barrels of oil, tar, pitch, cotton and plumber's waste in the very nave of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

The commune of medieval days did not burn churches; it helped build them. Cathedral chapters and merchants' guilds worked together. A new industrial faith, a new sense of solidarity among workers, assisted the faith in giant building operations.

This was not the first time a secular movement had helped advance the Church. In the first centuries, Rome, while persecuting Christians, had organized a vast peace in which Christianity developed, had established a great system of communications and roads that would speed to all the world its beautiful yet revolutionary message. This new movement which brought into being the guild, the commune, was not alien to the Church, but sympathetic.

The feudal system had started in 731

on the Champs de Mars, downstream from Notre Dame around the river bend, when Charles Martel had given out to his soldier chiefs all the fiefs which later became the medieval baronies and duchies. And it was feudalism which, without any such intention on the part of its beneficiaries, had brought into existence the guild and the commune as counteragents to itself.

The commune at first was nothing more than the city corporation taken over by the guild of the more prosperous city merchants, the patricians, not of "blood," but of wealth. The artisans' or craft guilds, made up of skilled workers, not employers, followed the merchants' guilds a long way off and did not have anything like the others' power. It was not until the next, the 13th, century that the craft guilds gained the right to elect representatives to the governing boards of the city corporation or commune. Which is one reason why that century was called the "glorious 13th."

Rome, in a way, left a precedent and something of a pattern for the medieval guild. The membership of the old imperial sodality may have been more comprehensive. The building sodality of any Roman town, for example, took in everyone connected with building: the masons, carpenters, architects, rich

*The Biography of a Cathedral. 1944. Longmans, Green & Co., New York City, 3. 496 pp. \$4.

contractors. A medieval craft guild kept to its craft. It admitted all the artisans in any way connected with the industry, and members who had become prosperous employers and investors graduated into the rich merchants' guilds which controlled the city when the old feudal noble was overthrown. But the old Roman fraternity and the medieval guild were not unlike in their charities, standards and protective measures. Members of the builders' sodalities of the empire had rules for sick benefits, holidays, insurance, and the maintenance of standards. A high living-wage scale had to be maintained for the employee. For the sake of the employer the quality of the work and the material furnished had to be high.

In much the same way the guilds of medieval France protected not only themselves but the public by self-drawn ordinances. Butchers could not expose unsalted beef or venison for more than three days. Blood puddings were prohibited. Venders of spoiled food and bakers who sold two-day-old bread for fresh were fined. So was every tailor who spoiled a bolt of cloth or cobbler who botched a boot; and by their own guilds!

And when, in the 13th century, the people of France, still animated by the Crusades, tried to brighten up their old grey cities by lavishly coloring their house façades, no housebuilder could apply his paint to a single half-timber until the owner had tested it. No saddler could decorate and befringe a saddle until the customer had

seen bare leather and wood. And the statue of a saint for the Notre Dame porch could not receive its Joseph's coat of many colors before the master-of-works had examined the body from its haloed head to its chiseled toe.

Meanwhile, so far did some cities go with provisions, most of them initiated by the guilds themselves, that the shops had to be open to the passerby so that every part of the process of making glove, shoe, hauberk, whatnot, could be observed.

Some guild rules cut even deeper across the social fabric. A man, for example, could not be wholesaler, jobber, retailer, all three in one, or serve in any two capacities jointly. Restraint of trade, conspiracy, and the fixing of prices were forbidden. And they guarded against speculation by banning all purchases for future delivery.

Meanwhile, the craft-guild mantle was thrown around the little people. The number of places that might furnish them with dubious entertainment was cut down by statutes of the vintners' and brewers' guilds, forbidding members to sell to low dives. Night hours and Sunday work were prohibited. One shop only in each trade could remain open on the seventh day and on holydays. The owners of the rest had to see that their counters were folded up into the house walls. And apprentices were limited, in some cities, to one to a shop, so that the bound youth who served four to eight years might have bodily care and special instruction. The woman worker was also provided for. No employer could

assign her to the rougher labor. No male fellow worker could insult her with impunity.

In the first half of the 11th century artisans had begun to group together as the workers of castle households of lords to whom they owed allegiance and sustenance. No distinction as to kind of work was made. All who worked with their hands, from pickler to armorer, could join. As the village, which with its clustering houses nestled about the stronghold like a brood of chickens around a mother hen, began to expand, harness maker and tailor and tinsmith within the castle wards had clients beyond them out in the growing town. Finally their trade would so increase that tradesmen would hang their colored signs on the town streets. They would still work for milord, part time, but they plied their trade in shops in the town. And gradually their numbers and incomes grew until the old all-trades union was dissolved into separate craft units.

Another type of trade association was limited to the industrial upper class, really a superguild in which all industries were represented, this body taking in the most successful in the crafts, who had risen to be employers and investors and capitalists. Members of this over-guild, the merchants' guild, first began to arm themselves for protection, then raised their heads and banners to assert themselves. They wound up by taking over as a body the whole city corporation or commune, and winning control of the town from the old liege lord.

There were still revenues to turn in, services to perform, but these were reduced by the winning of franchises or charters granted by the king or purchased by huge sums from some noble impoverished by dissipations or some Crusade. The commune then policed the city and took over general administration and shared in judicial authority. It had its seal and coat of arms, its banners and banquets, its troops and a garrisoned keep to which the officials and citizens could flee when the hand of the duke-landlord became too heavy or a baron turned berserk.

But it is wrong to make out the feudal noble as always a cruel usurer and fearsome landlord. The greater proportion of the tithes and fees the citizens paid and services they rendered were justified. Through the centuries many had served their people well. At first, the abbey had been the only refuge for the little people. But monks and priests, though they fought valiantly, had not been equipped. So the strong man, the leading farmer, took over when the abbeys had been burned by the marauders. He built wood towers, dug deep ditches, reared stockades, and, when the foe came, brought weaker folk under cover.

Feudalism had been faulty. Now it had served its time, and against its one-time virtues now turned to vices, the commune fought. It was an advance in or toward democracy, wresting many privileges from the great upper class and transferring them to one cross section of the people, the wealthier of those in trade.

And these in turn became another feudal caste, only slightly lower than the nobles. The controlling merchants' guild which ran the commune had ethics and standards. No one could be admitted who was in debt or diseased. They could be charitable at times. Never did they finish a grand banquet without dispensing to the poor a gallon of Beaune or Moselle for every gallon they drank.

In the 1070's the first commune had been formed at Cambrai, the town for which De Honnecourt, who left us the few medieval architectural sketches we have, built the cathedral. From then on no merchants' guild would take in any who worked with their hands, whom they describe as "men with blue nails," that is, those whose nails were the worse for wear and toil. These splendid-appearing, but newly arrived aldermen, councilors, magistrates and sheriffs were like the unjust steward of the Bible: having climbed up themselves, they would lock the "blue nails" out.

But in bettering their own estate they improved the lot of the artisans. They brought power to themselves

and a peace and hitherto unknown prosperity to all, including the serfs, the lowest feudal order, who were not slaves (Louis VI having abolished the remnant of slavery in France, ages before our Emancipation Proclamation) and, though they paid a forced rent and could not own land, they often made a profitable living, and sometimes fortunes.

Though the degree of liberty, of course, varied in the different cities, in all the towns that gained charters, the new leaders through shrewdness, and sometimes blood, secured for all a considerable easement of taxes and of the burdens of excessive marching and fighting for milord, and the eternal baking in his ovens and grinding in his mills, and with their civic guards checked the tyrannical and lawless peers.

Not that any millennium of peace had immediately come. Drums had sometimes to beat, alarms to sound, civic guards to come tumbling out, and the brave new aldermen and magistrates to flee into their keep; but, on the whole, the unions of the Middle Ages were good for their communities.

Have you ever wondered how the expression "Indian summer" came into being? Henry Commager explains that in Pilgrim days the Indians, for some reason, ceased their raids when the warm weather ended. The settlers thought their troubles, from that direction at least, were ended for many months when the first frosts set in. Then a belated spell of midsummer weather would set in, and the pesky Indians reappeared. That period of the year has been known as "Indian summer" ever since.

Shepherds of the Flock

By J. SCHAEFER

Pillars of Peter

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

American archbishops and bishops are no different from other Catholic archbishops and bishops. In their own dioceses they are the legitimate successors of the apostles, governing with the same power with which the apostles directed the early Church. They, too, by consecration, form a link in that unbroken chain of succession which has spanned 19 centuries and which will outlive every purely human institution. Together with all other archbishops and bishops all over the world they are a part of that wonderful miracle of the Catholic Church, the Catholic hierarchy.

But the American hierarchy itself can almost be called a miracle of growth. On Oct. 6, 1789, 13 years after the Liberty Bell had proclaimed independence to the 13 states, the first diocese was established in the U. S. Its site was Baltimore, Md., and John Carroll of Carrollton was consecrated as first Bishop. Just 20 years later, in 1808, three offshoots from the parent diocese were founded in New York, Philadelphia, and Bardstown, Pa.; at the same time Baltimore was erected into the first province or archdiocese in the U. S. Since the founding of this first province, little more than a century and a quarter ago, the history of the American Catholic hierarchy has been one of almost unbelievable expansion.

Today there are 21 provinces in the U. S., and 99 dioceses (two of the latter, of Ukrainian and Greek rites). At the beginning of 1944 there were 19 archbishops and 133 bishops in the U. S.; one archdiocese and several dioceses were vacant because of recent deaths.

For the more orderly ruling of the Church, each country is divided into a number of provinces, each ruled by an archbishop known as the metropolitan of the province. Under the authority of each metropolitan fall one or more dioceses, these governed by bishops, who are known as suffragans, that is, they are subject in certain matters to the metropolitan. Each metropolitan, or archbishop, besides ruling his own diocese, has certain rights and duties over the other dioceses of his province. His rights and duties are clearly expressed and limited by the Code of Canon Law (the official law book for the Catholic Church), principal among them being his duty of watching over the faith in the province, guarding against abuses, and presiding over the meetings of the bishops of his province.

Bishops who possess authority over individual dioceses are called ordinaries of the diocese which they govern. This title, given them because their authority is immediate and direct, dis-

*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. January, 1945.

tinguishes them from coadjutor and auxiliary bishops. A coadjutor bishop is one who is assigned to a diocese by the Holy See because of the poor health of the ordinary, the size and importance of the diocese, or for some other weighty reason. It is the coadjutor's duty to assist the ordinary in ministering to the needs of the diocese, and upon the death of the ordinary the coadjutor has the right to succeed him as head of the diocese. Auxiliary bishops are assigned to dioceses for similar reasons, but do not have the right to succeed the ordinary upon his death.

Ordinaries are also called residential bishops to distinguish them from titular bishops. The latter are so called because, though appointed and consecrated by authority of the Holy See, they possess no authority over a separate diocese. Upon their consecration they are given the titles of bishops of sees which flourished in the early Church but which today are almost entirely occupied by infidels. Each coadjutor and auxiliary bishop is also given the title of one of these once-Catholic sees; but not all titular bishops are coadjutors or auxiliaries. In the U. S., for example, the Military Ordinaries, Bishops O'Hara and McCarty, are titular bishops, possessing authority only over individuals of the armed forces, and not over any distinct territory.

The Code of Canon Law determines the qualifications that a priest must possess to be made a bishop. He must be at least 30 years old and have been ordained at least five years. Moreover, he must be endowed with such knowl-

edge, piety, and ability as to fit him for the tremendous responsibility of governing the faithful.

The Holy See is especially careful about qualifications of priests it chooses to elevate. By careful and secret scrutiny into the character and ability of individual priests the Holy See assures itself of maintaining the high qualifications of the Catholic hierarchy. Because of the distance of many countries from Rome, a special law has been made regulating the appointment of bishops in those countries. The law was first made for the U. S. on July 25, 1916, and later applied to Canada and Newfoundland, Scotland, Brazil, Mexico, and Poland.

As applied to the U. S. this new law for appointment of bishops provides that every other year, beginning with 1917, each metropolitan of the different provinces of the U. S. shall meet with other bishops of his province to consider the capabilities of a certain number of priests for the episcopacy. The meeting cannot be haphazard, for the law specifies that at the beginning of Lent of the determined year each bishop must send to his metropolitan the names of one or other priest whom he considers worthy of elevation to the episcopacy. In selecting the names the bishop is urged to consult his official advisers as well as more prominent pastors of the diocese. But he is free to accept or reject their advice, and those with whom he consults are obliged to keep the discussion secret. The bishop is not limited in his selection to priests of his own diocese. He

may recommend any priest, so long as he is familiar, or made familiar, with his character and qualifications.

After all bishops of the province have sent the names of their candidates to the archbishop, the archbishop must arrange the selections in alphabetical order, adding his own choices, and must send a copy of the list to each suffragan bishop. He also determines a date shortly after Easter on which all the bishops of the province must meet. Until the time of the meeting each bishop is to acquaint himself as best he can with the capabilities and character of each proposed candidate.

The meeting at which the candidates are considered and their qualities voted upon is most solemn and secret. No one save the bishops of the province may be present and at the opening of the meeting each bishop must take an oath of strict secrecy. One of the bishops acts as secretary of the meeting, noting everything of importance revealed in the course of the meeting. The character and capabilities of each priest whose name appears on the archbishop's list are discussed. After the discussion the bishops vote upon the acceptability of each candidate. The voting is done with colored marbles or other objects: white to signify a favorable vote; black, unfavorable; and another color, an undecided vote. There may be more than one ballot. After the voting, the secretary draws up the minutes in the form of a document and records the result of the ballot. Two copies of this document are made, one to be sent to the Apostolic Delegate

and forwarded by him to the Holy See; the other to be kept in the secret archives of the archbishop and to be destroyed within a year.

The Holy See is not limited, however, in its appointment of bishops to the names proposed in these meetings. It may and very often does, inform itself of the qualifications of priests for the episcopacy by means of investigations made through the Apostolic Delegate. We can easily understand, however, how the information obtained by the Holy See from these meetings proves particularly valuable in wartime and other periods of unrest.

By virtue of his office the bishop is obliged by what is known as the law of residence. That is, he may not be away from his diocese for more than three months of the year except to make his *ad limina* visit to Rome and to fulfill special duties connected with his office. He must also say Mass for the faithful of his diocese on every Sunday of the year and also on those feasts which are now or were formerly holydays of obligation (31 in number).

Every five years the bishops of the U. S. are obliged to make their *ad limina* visit to Rome. (The fulfillment of this obligation fell due in 1944, but because of war the bishops were excused.) During their visit the bishops must answer a detailed questionnaire concerning conditions in their dioceses and give the report to the Consistorial Congregation (one of the 11 Sacred Congregations which deal with affairs pertaining to the bishops of the world). They must, furthermore, venerate the

tombs of the apostles, Sts. Peter and Paul, and present themselves to the Holy Father. The *ad limina* visit is a personal obligation of each bishop. But if poor health or some other pressing reason should prevent him from making the visit, he must inform the Holy See and, upon acceptance of his reason, send a delegate, his coadjutor bishop, if he has one, or a priest of his diocese.

The bishop is also bound to visit each parish of his diocese every five years. The fulfillment of this obligation is called the *diocesan visitation*. Its purposes are to enable the bishop to maintain close contact with his priests, to look into the relationship between the pastors and their parishes, and to examine the property and the state of each parish's finances. U. S. bishops frequently make their visitations while conferring Confirmation.

Many of the bishop's privileges are concerned with celebration of holy Mass, conferring of Confirmation and Holy Orders, the blessing of the faithful, and the honor shown to him. Aside from these privileges bishops have the right to be addressed by the title, Most Reverend Excellency. They can also grant an indulgence of 50 days. A throne is always to be provided for them at religious functions in their own dioceses.

To the bishop also belongs the right of wearing the garb distinctive of his office. Most of the insignia of his office are of very ancient origin and some are symbolic of the powers with which he is endowed. The miter, for instance, a white, folding cap rising to a peak,

having two cloth pendants at its back, is a symbol of the bishop as the champion of truth. The miter has been generally used by bishops since the year 1000. It is blessed, and conferred on each newly consecrated bishop, at the ceremony of consecration and is worn at religious services. Three types of miters are worn by each bishop, distinguished one from another by their greater or lesser degree or lack of ornamentation: the precious miter, very ornate, is worn on feast days; the less ornate miter, during Advent and Lent; and the simple miter, lacking ornament, on Good Friday, at funerals, and in the presence of the Holy Father.

The crosier, or the bishop's pastoral staff, is a symbol of his authority and jurisdiction. It is ornate, made of gold, and set with jewels, and gracefully crooked at the top. (The pastoral staff of the Holy Father is straight, surmounted by a cross; the crook in the bishop's staff is meant to show his submission to the authority of the Pope.) The crosier has been used by bishops since the 5th century.

The pectoral cross is the latest addition to the insignia of the bishop. It is made of some precious metal, ornamented with diamonds, pearls, and other precious gems, and is worn at the breast suspended on a chain or silken cord. Containing relics of the saints and a particle of the true cross, the pectoral cross is a constant reminder of the passion of our Lord and the triumphs of the faith. Upon the death of the bishop, the relic of the true cross must be removed from the pectoral

cross and given to his successor.

The pallium, which had its origin probably in the 4th century, is an ecclesiastical ornament conferred only on archbishops. It is a circular cloth band about two inches wide, worn over the shoulders above the chasuble. It may be worn only in the archbishop's own diocese and on great feasts of the Church or on such occasions as ordination ceremonies. To the pallium are attached two cloth pendants, one at the front, another at the back. The pendants are

weighted with lead and covered with black silk, while the remainder of the pallium is composed of white wool. Every pallium is fashioned from the wool of a lamb blessed every year on the feast of St. Agnes, Jan. 21, in the Lateran basilica in Rome. On the pallium are six small black crosses, one on each pendant, on the breast and back, and on each shoulder. It is blessed on the feasts of Sts. Peter and Paul, and symbolizes the archbishop's participation in the supreme pastoral power.

He had been chaplain for Admiral Ronarch's Marines and had fought with them on the Yser in 1914. Gravely wounded, he had barely time to recuperate before he was back on the battlefield and made an officer of the Legion of Honor before the troops.

Since his retirement, Abbe Pouchard, who had been professor of philosophy in a large seminary, had divided his life into two parts. He spent long months in his native village, but returned to the Paris region where he busied himself with welfare work, always with the same skillful maneuvering, the same silent devotion. The humiliation of France had hit him very hard.

Thanks to his efforts, many young men passed into the ranks of the "dissenters" or escaped to England to join General de Gaulle. He found the necessary clothes, food, and money with the help of a few friends, and by giving unstintingly from his own pocket.

In Brittany as in Paris, the Gestapo had its eyes on him for a long time. Several of his proteges had been arrested, some of them tortured, others shot. He did not turn from his work for a moment.

He did not see the invasion—the Germans robbed him of that joy. During the first day of 1944, he was arrested and taken to the Pittie, half prison, half hospital, where he was tortured. For a week he was locked in a superheated room, with nothing to drink. They struck him on the face and body with a bludgeon so brutally that they ruptured his intestine. Not a word passed his lips. Finally, a German major, perhaps worn out or disgusted, said, "He's an old patriot; take him home."

They took him home, but he was doomed. They nursed him for two days and two nights. He knew his condition.

"Tell my mother," he whispered, "that I had a splendid death."

Octave Aubry in *France-Canada* quoted by N.C.W.C. (6 Jan. '44).

Synarchism

The word means anti-anarchism

By RICHARD PATTEE and others

Condensed from a pamphlet*

The influence of Synarchism has crossed the Rio Grande. It is the cause of endless diatribe on the part of the official Mexican labor organizations and the official party. It is pilloried day in and day out in posters and handbills. It has been accused of close collaboration with the nazis; its program has been denounced as fascist. Its leaders have been charged with every national and international sin imaginable.

The movement began in May, 1937, in the state of Guanajuato, where several lawyers were instrumental in launching the idea. A leading figure in this effort was an agriculturist, José Antonio Urquiza. The National Synarchist Union was the consequence of those conversations. Its program was conceived as a reaction against the stridencies of the Mexican Revolution; against the unspiritual character of the trend of affairs in the Republic. It was conceived of as a profoundly popular movement, since the original Synarchists affirmed their abiding faith in the virtues of the common people, untouched to a large degree by the corruption of the times. Thus, Synarchism became at once a movement of the masses. Its appeal was directed primarily to farmers and workers. The

results in terms of numbers have been nothing short of astonishing. The assumption of the movement is that Mexico is in a state of anarchy, thanks to decades of "corruptive doctrines disseminated by the revolutionaries." It declares over and over again that it is not a political party and does not aspire to become one; that it is a social movement intended to bring about a Christian social order. The reference to a "Christian order" is constant in Synarchist literature and in the official organ of the movement, *El Sinarquista*. It is profoundly national if not avowedly nationalistic, and claims to reject all foreign tutelage and influence, be it from left or right. It formally condemns all totalitarianism, dictatorships, and tyrannies.

Much space is devoted to the problem of liberty and its limitations, to what is termed "libertinism" and its dangers. Democracy that is simply liberalism in the old sense, it opposes. It asks for a new kind of democracy. The program frequently uses phrases like "dignity of the human person" and "the common good." The Christian social order, assert the Synarchists, is the essential goal of their program of activity. The Synarchist movement revealed itself early in its history as made

*The Catholic Revival in Mexico. A Report of the Inter-American Committee, Catholic Association for International Peace, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, 3, D. C. 1944. 60 pp. 10c.

up of zealous persons bent on carrying these ideas to the great mass of Mexicans. The missionary attitude was extremely pronounced and resulted in the most outstanding characteristic of the followers of Synarchism: their complete willingness to suffer even death for the cause. In many places, Synarchist demonstrations were broken up with violence. The movement refused to allow its members to go armed. Thousands of peasants have marched without one single weapon among them and not a few fell victims to the bitter antagonism of their enemies.

One comment made by a most responsible member of the Mexican clergy is to the effect that Synarchism is in reality a movement of mass mysticism, having tremendous possibilities and equally tremendous dangers. It is the type of thing that, if controlled, may achieve remarkable progress, and which, precisely because of its intense emotionalism, fervor, and reckless disregard for the conveniences of ordinary politics, can easily become disoriented.

Synarchism is especially vehement in its denunciation of communism and of what it claims to be the attempts of the Mexican government, especially the former administration, to impose communistic ideas on the country. The movement expressly condemns nazism, fascism, and the other forms of totalitarianism. In a clear declaration it is stated: "Synarchism maintains that no social program could prosper in Mexico on the false principles of

naziism, fascism or any other form of totalitarian government. Totalitarianism would be the death and destruction of all the efforts of Synarchism, of all its sacrifices and of all its hopes."

Naturally, the enemies of the movement did not believe this declaration. Unfortunately, the terms *totalitarianism*, *nazi-fascist*, *fifth columnist*, and the like have become through overuse and misuse standard epithets of our day. They are the terms applied to anyone whom one may not like, just as in the old days, *communist* was hurled at practically everyone who suggested, no matter how mildly, that some of the aspects of the present social order might be changed. They are merely the up-to-date lexicon of diatribe. Synarchists have been repeatedly denounced as the vanguard of nazi-fascist penetration. This technique has begun to wear a little thin, since there is no evidence whatsoever that the charges are true. One of the most oft-repeated accusations was that Synarchism was founded in 1935 by a German, Oscar Schreiter, and that it was supported financially by the Church. Neither contention is correct. Clerical influence, if it exists, has been slight, and at no time has there been any attempt to link the interests of the Mexican Church as such to the movement. Special care has always been taken to make it clear the Church is not behind the movement or in any manner attached to its fortunes.

The Synarchist program emphasizes what it calls Christian democracy. The problem of education receives consid-

erable attention, and especially the famous Article III of the Constitution, which states baldly that education shall be laical and that no religious body may establish or direct schools of primary grade. Synarchism denounces, in unrestricted terms, this statute and proposes the most absolute liberty of education in the country. The movement seeks above all to reach the 70% or 80% of Mexicans who live on the land. It is in the remote rural districts and small villages that Synarchism has gained thousands of partisans. The reading of the communications from the provinces in the columns of *El Sinarquista* are particularly revealing on this point. The fervor and spirit of self-sacrifice these texts reveal are profoundly moving.

Synarchism on the economic plane proposes that the system of the large estates be strictly limited. Land ownership is proclaimed as indispensable for the prosperity of the family, and hence its division among the peasantry is necessary and recommendable. The program of the movement calls attention to the inadequacies of the present *ejido* system, its failure to realize its full purposes, and the misery in which many farmers find themselves. This is pointed out as one of the gravest dangers for the stability of the Republic. "The principal mission of Synarchism is to reconstruct Mexico's agriculture." On the side of labor, Synarchism affirms its faith in the organization of labor, but deplores the existence of what is termed the demagoguery of the present labor organizations, led by

rapacious individuals who exploit the membership.

One of Synarchism's most interesting projects was the colonization scheme in Lower California. The undertaking had its origins in 1941 on the most desolate part of the long coast facing the Pacific ocean, and the enterprise is still under way with between 400 and 500 persons winning a living from the inhospitable soil of that peninsula. No claim to the land existed, and, according to Synarchism, Mexico might in due time find her sovereignty over that area seriously challenged. The project had the approval of Pres. Avila Camacho. Salvador Abascal, then leader of the movement, established himself personally in that area to give impetus to the project.

One of the common charges launched against the movement is that it is hostile to the U. S. The problem is not as simple as appears at first glance. The attitude of Mexico toward the U. S. is not the result of momentary circumstance nor of the exigencies of the war. Mental reservations about the U. S. do not necessarily mean that the person holding them is sympathetic to the Axis. The incredible oversimplification in which most of us indulge has produced a type of thinking in which only constant paeans of praise of the U. S. are convincing evidence of loyalty to the cause of democracy. Many Mexicans are unable to see the problem in this somewhat naive light. A century of Mexican Catholic suspicions of the U. S. cannot be scotched in a few years or even a decade. The Catholic

mentality of Mexico has been formed and developed through years of experience in which the U. S. has been seen as a nation exercising enormous pressure on Mexico and supporting movements repugnant to Catholics. This cannot be eradicated at once, no matter how sane and honest the present policy of the U. S. may be.

Synarchism reflects in large measure this traditional attitude. It reflects also the opposition to the older liberalism which had been appended to the democracies. It explains that it "tries sincerely to participate in the attitude and viewpoint of the U. S." and hopes that "the U. S. will always have in mind Mexico's point of view, its traditions, the religious faith of its people, and will nurse no desire to impose a foreign culture upon it." If Synarchism is not anti-American in the ordinary sense of the word, it is probably nearer the truth to say that it follows the line of watchful waiting.

Late last June *El Sinarquista* published two articles which were interpreted as seditious. In one, the Mexican government was denounced as irresponsible and incapable of coping with the menace of communism. The Synarchists had been insisting that everything pointed to a general strike which was to be the prelude to a communist attempt to seize control. In a second article, appeal was made to the Mexican Army to thwart this attempt, assuring the troops that the Synarchists were ready to stand with them in the

defense of Mexico. The articles were seized upon immediately as evidence of the treasonable character of the movement. The files and archives of the national headquarters were confiscated and examined. The responsible editors of the paper were submitted to endless questioning. The upshot was a series of measures to reduce the external activity of Synarchism. No printing establishment could accept material for printing from Synarchist sources without suffering a severe penalty. No meetings, concentrations nor other forms of action were to be tolerated. It is significant, however, that in spite of the strenuous measures, outright suppression did not occur. To date, the President has signed no decree outlawing Synarchism and dissolving it as a social movement. Synarchism is passing through its most critical stage. It does not mean, to be sure, that Synarchism as a movement will not survive. On the contrary, it is not inconceivable that it may derive considerable profit from the experience.

It would be hazardous to judge the future of Synarchism. It is useless to judge it, as is so frequently done, as a sort of *Falange Española* in the New World. The unmilitary and unaggressive character of Synarchism is the very antithesis of the militancy and fanfare of *Falange*. As an expression of Mexican traditionalism, enveloped in the modern garb of social justice and agrarian reform, it merits an accurate estimation by Americans.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Anderson, Robert Gordon. *THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CATHEDRAL*. New York: Longmans. 496 pp. \$4. Thirteen centuries of historic background for the people, faith and architectural forms which produced the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Dunney, Joseph A. *CHURCH HISTORY IN THE LIGHT OF THE SAINTS*. New York: Macmillan. 465 pp. \$2.75. Series of striking biographies, one to represent the spirit of the Church in each century, forms the thread for a story not easy to tell.

Harmon, Lieut. Tom. *PILOTS ALSO PRAY*. New York: Crowell. 184 pp., ill. \$2.50. Famous football player's adventures in South American jungles, and in China fighting Jap Zeros.

Homer. *THE ILIAD OF HOMER; a Line for Line Translation in Dactylic Hexameters*, by William Benjamin Smith and Walter Miller. New York: Macmillan. 565 pp., ill. \$3.75. Story of Troy in a new version by American scholars that keeps the cadence and simplicity of the Greek original.

Jaques, Florence Page. *SNOWSHOE COUNTRY*. Illustrations by Francis Lee Jaques. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 110 pp., ill. \$3. Imaginative word pictures and pen drawings of late fall and winter in the Gunflint-lake area of Minnesota's north woods. Log-cabin life and a diary of weather, birds and animals.

Jordan, Max. *BEYOND ALL FRONTS*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 386 pp. \$3. Eyewitness and behind-the-scenes account of the rise of Hitlerism. Essential reading before judging Germany.

Murphy, Edward F. *THE SCARLET LILY*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 239 pp. \$2.25. Historical novel based on the life of the great penitent, St. Mary Magdalene.

Roche, Aloysius. *KNOTS AND CROSSES*. New York: Spiritual Book Associates. 184 pp. \$2.25. Twenty essays on "personal reconstruction" as the first step in planning a new world; outlines for character renovation, by the lively author of *A Bedside Book of Saints*.

Sheen, Fulton J. *LOVE ONE ANOTHER*. New York: Kenedy. 185 pp. \$2.75. Practical, popular handbook on the art and principles of friendship cutting across lines of belief, color, and self-interest. Calls attention to the underlying friendship with God that makes this reasonable.

Turner, W. J., editor. *A PANORAMA OF RURAL ENGLAND*. New York: Hastings House. 316 pp., 48 color plates, 132 black-and-white illustrations. \$5. Beautiful volume of sidelights on old England and its atmosphere: country houses, gardens, villages, cities and small towns, inns, ports and harbors.

Ward, Arch. *FRANK LEAHY AND THE FIGHTING IRISH; the Story of Notre Dame Football*. New York: Putnam. 250 pp., ill. \$2.75. Annals of Knute Rockne, his teams, and the star pupil who now holds his place as coach at Notre Dame.